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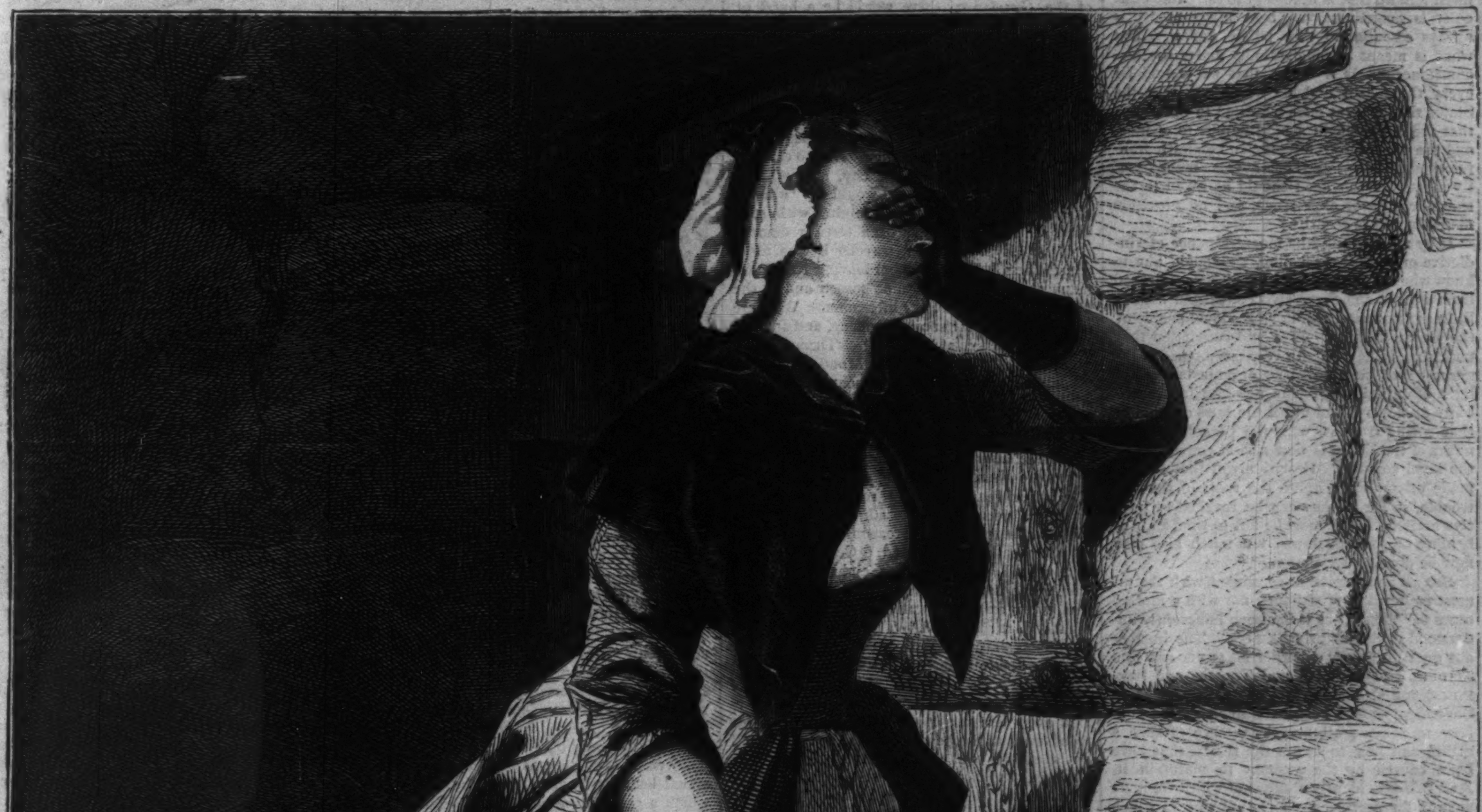

ISAAC WATTS AND HIS MOTHER AT THE PRISON-GATE.—[See Page 22.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 12, 1867.

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MAGNANIMITY.

WHENEVER a sagacious observer reports that the people of the late "Confederacy" are solely anxious for repose, and will apathetically submit to any thing which may be imposed, or when some noted ex-rebel like Beauregard declares that his neighbors acquiesce in the situation, there is a disposition in some quarters to insist that all that is necessary to settle the difficulty is magnanimity. Now magnanimity is always essential to wise public action. But what is meant by magnanimity under the circumstances? Is it meant that we should let every thing drift and lie unsettled; that the States should be at once admitted to Congress; that the Amendment should be left to chance, and the welfare of the freedmen committed unreservedly to the late rebels? Does magnanimity mean that no heed should be given to the sharp lessons of experience, and no provision made for future security?

If by magnanimity be meant absence of vindictive or passionate feeling, we should like to know when or where a great people have emerged from a great and fierce civil convulsion with so little ungenerous emotion as the loyal people of the United States? Profound conviction they undoubtedly have, and a very clear sense of the necessity of modifying the organic law in the light of experience. The absolute incompatibility of slavery, and of all the laws and habits that spring from it, with the peaceful permanence of the Union is now a vital conviction of the loyal country. Provision will therefore be made utterly to extirpate the roots of the late trouble, so far as they can be reached by positive action. Much must be left to time and the healing of spiritual laws; but much also may now be done by legislation.

But all such action is consonant with the utmost magnanimity, although not with a morbid sense of "honor," as it has been ludicrously understood in the disturbed States. The important question is not whether Beauregard and Slidell and Wigfall and Toombs and Stephens and Davis see that the dogma of State Sovereignty can not be maintained by force, but how to remove all lawful pretense of such a claim, and how to secure the results that have been caused by the attempt to maintain it. And this is evidently a question which we must answer for ourselves. It is not one in which the people immediately concerned propose to help us. For that we ought not to quarrel with them. It is a pity, but it is natural; and in the whole debate we must bear human nature constantly in mind. The people in the Southern States are sore and silent, and often sullen. They have accepted nothing which the country has offered, excepting the provisional arrangements of the President, and those very reluctantly and imperfectly, and solely from the conviction that they could not help themselves. North Carolina is the only State which fully renounced the right of secession. South Carolina and Georgia declared the ordinance of secession repealed, and Florida called it "annulled." We lay no stress upon this fact; we allude to it simply to illustrate the assertion that there has not been even a formal acceptance of the terms considered necessary by the country as a beginning of the restoration of all the functions of the rebel States in the Union.

The moment that the President and Congress differed the States in question, by their chief spokesmen, newspapers, and Legislatures, assumed an attitude of hostility to Congress, and have remained in it until the present time. Whether these classes fairly represent the body of the people can not be exactly determined; but if there be any other way of ascertaining the drift of public opinion, it has never been discovered. All that can be said is this, that the present disposition of the people at the South can not affect the necessity of changing the organic law to conform to the circumstances of the country and the convictions of the people. If they are reasonable, they will not deny this. If they are unreasonable, they will not admit any thing whatever.

But whatever they admit or deny, our duty is plain; and whether they admit or deny, magnanimity is equally imperative. For magnanimity requires that nothing unjust or ungenerous be done by us, either to our late enemies or to our constant friends in the Southern States. Does magnanimity toward Beauregard require that he should escape personal penalties and resume all his political rights, while the freedman who may have been his slave shall enjoy no other civil or political rights than Beauregard may choose to bestow? That is the simple question; and when we hear magnanimity urged as the prime necessity of the situation, let us ask carefully what does magnanimity mean, and if we are to be magnanimous to white men who have been enemies, as we certainly ought to be, shall we not be just and generous to colored men who have been friends?

THE WRECK OF THE "COMMODORE."

The loss of the steamer *Commodore* upon a route so thronged as that of Long Island Sound may perhaps arouse the public mind to the necessity of a much more stringent system of marine inspection and police than now prevails. We say perhaps, because no lives were lost. If one of the Sound steamers, carrying citizens known and beloved in Boston and New York, like the *Lexington* in 1839, should be lost with all on board, either from carelessness in regard to kerosene lamps, as in the case of the *Plymouth Rock*, of which we have heretofore spoken, or under circumstances like those of the wreck of the *Commodore*, there would be a burst of grief and indignation, and something might possibly be done to save the next *Plymouth Rock* and *Commodore*.

The afternoon of the 27th of December was an afternoon on which such a boat as the *Commodore* should not have put out. She left at 4 o'clock, but since the morning a wild snow-gale had been steadily increasing. At 2 o'clock it was severe weather in the bay, and nothing was plainer than that there would be "a nasty night." The perils of such nights with such boats in the Sound have been terribly demonstrated. Every frequent traveler by the route recalls them. We remember leaving New York many years ago at the same season and at the same hour, one Saturday afternoon. We were caught in a similar snow-hurricane, and anchored under the lee of an island. Through that night and all Sunday and all Monday morning we remained holding on—the boat, in the mean while, piled with cotton as usual, taking fire—and it was 4 o'clock Tuesday morning before we reached Providence by rail from Stonington.

At the hour appointed for the *Commodore's* departure there was an ugly gale with every sign of increasing. Her route through the Sound is peculiarly exposed. The boat was old, and there was every reason for waiting until the weather moderated. Certainly if she had waited until seven or eight o'clock she would not have left, yet at four o'clock there was every reason to anticipate the weather at eight. But she sailed. The prospect of a tremendous storm became steadily more plain. But she kept on, passed New Haven light, and the officers thought she would weather the gale, when a sudden and furious hurricane carried away her smoke-stacks, the sea stove her wood-work at the bows—deluged the cabin, and extinguished one of the furnace fires. The Captain, apparently cool and firm, tried to keep her head to the wind, but the steamer would not obey. Springing a-leak she drifted in the trough of the sea, the passengers constantly bailing. Near the land on the Long Island shore the anchors were let go, but the water made so fast that they were slipped. The boat swept over the bar at Horton's Point safely, and finally went ashore upon a smooth beach. The passengers and crew were rescued, but the vessel was a total loss.

A little common prudence, it seems to us, might have saved the steamer, and spared those on board of her the unspeakable horrors of such a night. But, without insisting upon this, it is evident that traveling has become a very dangerous business in this country. Whatever the laws may be, the penalties are such that they are not respected. But the good-humored passivity of passengers is the serious evil. They are shot into traps, and are bagged and inconvenienced and butchered with an air of sweet endurance. Six gentlemen we lately counted standing in a Hudson River Railroad car, for whom Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's agents had provided no accommodation whatever, yet who placidly paid their fare to go into Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's pocket. And this we read in the papers is a very common occurrence. Each one of them should have declined to pay until the conductor found him a seat; and when he said, as he did, that there were no seats they should have persisted. Of course it is disagreeable. Any American would rather stand for two hours than go to law and bandy words in a car. Well, some fresh *Lexington*, or *Pulaski*, or *Central America* may change our feelings upon the subject.

WOMEN'S WORK IN THE WAR.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson says that women ought to bear arms if they vote. A poorer kind of argument could hardly be invented. In alluding to it two or three weeks since we said that a nation of men merely could not maintain a very long war; and since then we have seen a little paper, of scarcely more than the contents of a broadside, in which Mr. Alfred J. Bloor, Assistant Secretary of the Sanitary Commission, sets forth briefly the work and influence of women in the late war.

There was no more essential means for the cherishing of the national spirit, which was our chief reliance, than the Sanitary Commission. It brought every soldier in direct communication with home. It was the family stretching out its hand to the camp. Every little package was one of an infinite and infinitely delicate system of nerves by which the whole body of loyal men and women in the field and out of it were held sensitively together. Every day and every night of every year of the war in every part of the country the homes of the loyal were occupied with the vast and noiseless ministry of comfort and succor. The details were endless and individually slight, and the results at first, as during the epoch of Havelock making, were amusing, but none the less amazing. But when the fierce flurry of excitement passed, and the feminine heart and hand settled tranquilly down to intelligent and effective labor, and the work of the Commission was thoroughly organized by Mr. Olmsted, and the electric current was established between the boys at the front and the mothers, wives, sisters, sweet-hearts, grandmothers, and aunts by the fireside, then the share of women in the war, although different, was not less essential than that of the men.

It was Mr. Bloor's duty, as "Supply Correspondent" of the Central office, to oversee and acknowledge the arrival at Washington of nearly all the supplies collected in the country east of the Rocky Mountains. These were, of course, independent of the immense individual and private aid which was constantly going forward. But these supplies for the Sanitary Commission, composed of every conceivable detail of small value, yet in the aggregate amounting, in Mr. Bloor's judgment, to fifteen millions of dollars, "were almost universally collected, assorted, and dispatched; and re-collected, reassorted, and re-dispatched by women representing with great impartiality every grade of society in the republic." During the first year of the war this work was done at some points by men, but they were, as a whole, entirely inferior to the women, whose "patience and endurance, an intuitive recognition of the relative fitness of details, and a conscientious methodizing thereof," made them absolutely superior for such service. Their "magnetic enthusiasm" was the main-spring of the spiritual work of the Commission, and their tireless care of detail secured its practical efficacy. The astonishing results of the Sanitary fairs, the great gifts of money, as Mr. Bloor suggests, sprang from the urgency of the sympathy of women for the suffering.

Their part in the war, as in all the great movements of society, was not necessarily inferior to ours because it was different. The account of actual service between men and women can never be made so as to strike a balance against either. In the nature of things their interest in human society and in the commonwealth is as deep as that of men. If the actual bearing of arms were the only way in which a great cause could be defended in the field, the military argument of Senator Johnson would be specious if not strong. But it is the fireside that sustains the field, as it is the sentiment of patriotism that makes prolonged military endurance possible—endurance, not of the shock of battle only, but of the long, wasting suspense and sharp sorrow of the home. Conquer the hearts at home, and you will soon manage the hands in the field.

THE PROSPECT IN ENGLAND.

The speech of John Bright at the Trades Reform demonstration in London shows how grave he believes the crisis in England to be. He states the case very seriously and plainly. About sixteen out of every hundred men are voters. This leaves some five millions unenfranchised. Mr. Gladstone's very moderate bill of the last session proposed to enfranchise four hundred thousand of these, and Mr. Bright heartily supported it. But the Parliament resisted as they would not have dared to resist had they been responsible to the people. "And they resist up to this moment," says Mr. Bright, "and I fear will resist when they meet at the beginning of February next; and they may possibly resist until the discontent now so general becomes universal, and that which is now only a great exhibition of opinion may become necessarily and inevitably a great and menacing exhibition of force."

Of course Mr. Bright knew that for such words he would be denounced as a dangerous, revolutionary agitator stirring up civil war; and he therefore settles that charge forever. In a fine and striking figure he asks whether a man who warns the dwellers upon the slope of Etna to heed the smoke and flame and thunder which foretell an eruption is responsible for the eruption when it bursts forth? "I did not build the mountain or fill it with explosive material; I only warned the men that were there of their danger. So now it is not I who am stimulating men to a violent pursuit of their original Constitutional rights. We are about our lawful business as citizens of a free country, but citizens to whom is denied the right of the Constitution under which we live. If the truth must be told, the Tory party is the turbulent party in this country." And a little later he repeats the remark with emphasis: "I say that Lord Derby, as the representative of his party in Parliament, is himself the fomenter of discord, and that his party and not our party is at this moment the turbulent element in English political society."

This is a very simple truth, and places the whole debate upon the right ground. The movement for the suffrage is derided now as it was in 1832; but he is a very shallow student of history and human nature, it seems to us, who agrees with Mr. Robert Lowe that the people do not really want an extension of the suffrage, and that the agitation is merely the work of John Bright. Such a view springs from the chronic infidelity of Toryism, which never conceives of the growth of the popular mind and its increasing perception of rights and duties. It was a favorite theory of the British Tories a century ago, that James Otis and Sam Adams were making trouble in America. But it was British Toryism that made the trouble, and Otis and Adams were its tongues. No great political agitation is imaginary. It is now in England as it was in 1832. Toryism may sneer and resist. But at length it must yield or force a civil war.

"GAG."

It is amusing and instructive to observe the "gag" of the Democratic organs. During the frightful riots of 1863, when the drunken and infuriated mob was hanging and shooting and torturing the most innocent and helpless class of the population in the city, the Democratic papers, which constantly palliated and justified the rebellion of which the riots were an episode, called the bloody mob "the people." Now when Governor Fletcher, of Missouri, has called out the militia to preserve the peace the New York *World* speaks of "Governor Fletcher quartering his soldiers" upon the people. This is the strain in which the *World's* political allies during their rebellion used to speak of the loyal citizens of the United States. For who are "Governor Fletcher's soldiers?" They are the citizens of Missouri who are in arms to keep the peace of the State, which is threatened by those who used to curse the same citizens in arms to keep the peace of the Union as "Lincoln's hirelings."

The *World*, as a poor piece of gag, speaks of the citizens of a State defending their own lives and property as if they were a standing army. In the opinion of the Democratic sages the only truly "constitutional" conduct of the loyal people of Missouri is to sit still and be bushwhacked and murdered by rebel miscreants. The leaders and friends of the rebellion pleaded the Constitution to get out. Now they plead the Constitution to get in. They will learn that the people who successfully defended the Constitution against their bloody assaults find nothing so literally and strictly constitutional as the maintenance of the national safety against any kind of rebellious weapon or wile.

WHIPPING AND SELLING AMERICAN CITIZENS.

Our readers will have observed a late order of General Sickles, forbidding the public whipping of men in his military department. Governor Worth, of North Carolina, went to Washington to protest against this action of General Sickles, and he states in his Message that the State was "astounded" at the prohibition "to execute the laws which have existed with us and our ancestors for many hundred years." The President, after hearing Governor Worth, promptly annulled the order of General Sickles, and thereby directed that the public flogging of men should be resumed in a part of the country in which there is no valid authority but that of the United States.

Now that we may all understand exactly what it is that General Sickles forbade and the President permits, we refer them not only to the picture of Mr. Nast elsewhere in this paper, but to the private testimony which we receive from a gentleman lately connected with a court-martial sitting in Raleigh, North Carolina. He states that *every day* during about a *month*, while the State court was recently sitting at Raleigh, there was a crowd of nearly five hundred people outside the court-house witnessing the public whipping of colored men as fast as they were convicted and sentenced to be whipped by the Court; and to see the victims of the same court sold at auction for a term of years—three years being the usual term. He says that the people were very exultant when the President's order came prohibiting the soldiers from interfering with this treatment of the colored people. He knew one case in which *three hundred* lashes were laid on.

The same gentleman states that this sentence of whipping operates in North Carolina as a civil disqualification, so that none of these victims, according to the local law, could ever vote, even if the suffrage were extended to colored men. They are disqualified in advance.

Thus the freedmen are still pursued and sacrificed by the ancient laws of Slavery, and thus the rage of baffled rebellion expends itself upon the most helpless and unfortunate of the population. Yet all these tragedies should constantly remind us that the late dominant class in the

Southern States are poisoned to the very marrow by the system of Slavery; and that no duty of this nation is now so solemn and paramount as to take care that the late slaves shall not be tortured. No plea of State law or local law; no fear of national intervention or centralization or consolidation should prevent the people of the United States from protecting those who are hated and persecuted because of their fidelity to the Government. If for a single year the white people of the late rebel States should be made to suffer what the colored people there have endured for generations the world would cry out with shame and horror. The President of the Georgia Senate, in some recent insolent remarks upon the question of reorganization, haughtily said that even the worm may turn. Let him ponder his words. Let him, and all for whom he speaks, understand clearly that such words in the mouths of those who, after the most unspeakable crime, are offered the most unprecedented clemency, are amusing; but in the mouths of those who are guilty of the most intolerable meanness and tyranny toward others such words are indescribably contemptible.

General Sickles may be very sure that his wise and humane order has not lost him any friends among the loyal people of this country. And the President may be equally sure that he has not gained any by his conduct in the matter.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

We have received the following letter, and print it with pleasure as a just and sincere tribute to a representative man:

"*Mr. Editor:*

"It did seem rather funny to me. I was looking for a seat in a crowded car and saw one vacant by the side of a gentleman whom I recognized as one well known in the literary and political world, and one who had given some special attention to railway ethics, moreover. Now, thought I, here is a good opportunity to test the polite theories of my fine gentleman. He will dislike the intrusion; he is so busily engaged in conversation with the gen— Can that be a negro with whom he is conversing? It certainly is; unless it be a Cuban, or the son of a Southern gentleman. However, I will intrude.

"The seat was solicited and gracefully accorded. I felt not a little disappointed that the request was granted in so kindly a manner, as I had anticipated the opportunity of giving somebody a blowing-up in the pages of *Harper*. The truth is, I have found —yes, found by actual experience and intercourse—that many of your great writers, orators, preachers, and public teachers falsify in practice the lessons of politeness and urbanity which they inculcate theoretically. I was once riding in these same cars, and was obliged either to stand for a long distance or beg a seat by the side of one almost peerless in renown as an orator, a scholar, and as a gentleman of culture. My request was complied with, but oh! how churlishly. I shall not easily forget how cold and repulsively disagreeable a traveling companion I had for the remainder of that weary afternoon! You see, therefore, that I rather anticipated a rebuff. And inasmuch as I should have denounced the hypocrite in the columns of *Harper's Weekly* if I had been snubbed, I beg to avail myself of the same medium to extend my sincere thanks for the favor so pleasantly accorded, and to testify to the consistency and sincerity of one at least of our modern moralists.

"But that which amused me particularly was the fact that my fellow-travelers who carried on their dialogue in so loud a tone did not for a moment dream that there was 'a chiel amang them takin' notes.' I shall not be guilty of the indecorum of repeating the free criticisms of character which fell upon my too willing ear, intelligent and correct as I considered them; but I may be permitted to say that public men and public affairs were discussed with an analysis and discrimination such as only the acutest perception and the most intimate acquaintance with the subjects could afford. My curiosity was soon aroused in regard to the colored *vis-a-vis* of my companion, and rapidly increased as I listened to his intellectual characterizations, and observed his rare talent as a conversationalist. Ere long I became convinced that there was but one man of his color who could talk as he did, and that was Frederick Douglass.

"During the remainder of the journey my thoughts were divided between wonder and admiration for his genius and culture, and wonder and contempt for the criminal ignorance which persistently endeavors to withhold from him and his race the rightful appurtenances of their manhood. Here is a man thought of as well qualified intellectually as any Southern statesman, and in a moral point of view better qualified than any participant in the rebellion for the discharge of the functions of a statesman, and yet a 'united South' deny him the simple right of the ballot because he is a nigger. And even in the North petty, mousing politicians, the dirty drabs of a defunct Democracy, echo *nigger, nigger!*

"If I do not trespass upon your space, permit me to say a word in regard to the editorial course of your paper. I desire now to add my approval to that of others, and to assure you that there is a general feeling of gratification among the true men of the country that the influence of your widely-circulated journal is exerted in favor of genuine loyalty, universal brotherhood, and an enduring nationality. H"

INFLUENCE OF LIGHT ON HEALTH.

It is a very common notion that the only direct use of light to us is to enable us to see. The bleached condition of vegetation springing up in partial seclusion from light is indeed so frequent a matter of observation, that a free exposure of light is seen to be necessary to vigorous vegetable growth. But that it is equally essential to vigorous *animal* growth is an idea very seldom entertained. Let us see if this be not the true view of the subject.

That light is one of the necessary stimuli of living action in the one case as well as in the other, and that therefore it is essential to health that it be supplied, like food and air, in suitable quantity to the system, is every now and then indicated to us by certain facts which come under our observation. As the potato-sprout in the cellar is blanched, and has not the firm texture that the plant has when growing in the sunlight, so it is uniformly with the human beings who, in so great numbers, live most of the time in dark places, whether it be from the necessities of poverty or the wrong customs and arrangements of the well-conditioned in life.

The importance of the influence of light is not ordinarily recognized because its deficiency operates so generally in connection with other causes of disease—as want of exercise, bad ventilation, noxious emanations, and other depressing agencies—very commonly, for this reason, the influence of the scanty supply of light is ignored, and the attention is directed wholly to the other causes; and even when it is distinctly recognized it is apt to be underestimated. It will be no ultraism to assert that a due supply of light is as necessary to health as a due supply of pure air or good food, and that deficiency in its supply is one of the chief causes of the debility that is so common a basis for positive disease.

We sometimes have an opportunity of seeing the influence of this deficiency in some degree separate from these other causes of disease. The experience of Dr. Kane and his company in the Arctic regions furnishes us with such an opportunity. In their case there was enough of pure air, exercise, and good food; and yet the long night of over two months bleached them to such a degree that Dr. Kane said, "We are a ghastly set of pale faces, and none paler than myself." But not only did the darkness bleach them, but it produced also various diseases. The whole company were debilitated, and lost their appetites; and rheumatisms, coughs, and scurvy were prevalent among them. This latter disease has been commonly attributed to a long-continued use of salted meat without vegetable food; and yet, in the first expedition of Dr. Kane, notwithstanding there was a due supply of vegetables and fresh animal food, there were numerous cases of scurvy. This proves that the long absence of sunlight, through the debility which it occasioned, was the grand cause of the disease. This "vegetation in darkness," as Dr. Kane termed it, not only deteriorated the blood, but produced morbid effects in the nervous system, and some of the company even had epilepsy. The nerves of the dogs were especially affected, though most of them were natives of the Arctic regions. "The more material functions of the poor brutes," says Dr. Kane, "go on without interruption; they eat voraciously, retain their strength, and sleep well, but all the indications beyond this go to prove that the original epilepsy has been followed by a true lunacy. They bark frenziedly at nothing, and walk in straight and curved lines with anxious and unwearying perseverance. They fawn upon you without seeming to appreciate the notice you give them in return—pushing their heads against your person, or oscillating with a strange pantomime of fear. Sometimes they remain for hours in moody silence, and then start off howling as if pursued, and run up and down for hours."

No wonder that, under such circumstances, the return of sunlight was welcomed with enthusiasm. "For the last ten days," says Dr. Kane, "we have been watching the growing warmth of the landscape as it emerged from buried shadow through all the stages of distinctness of an India-ink washing, step by step, into the sharp, bold definition of a desolate harbor scene. We have marked every dash of color which the Great Painter in his benevolence vouchsafed us; and now the empurpled hues, clear, unmistakable, the spreading lake, the flickering yellow, peering at all those poor wretches! Every thing seemed superlative lustre and unspeakable glory!" And when the sun fairly rose, he says, "I saw him once more, and upon a projecting crag nestled in the sunshine. It was like bathing in perfumed water."

Making all due allowance for the mental effects of this long night of darkness, the diseases produced in this case in both man and that world-wide companion of man, the dog, must be attributed chiefly to the physical influence of the want of sunlight. The case is, it is true, an extreme one, but it is all the more valuable for that, for it shows in a decided manner the results of the agency in question. And the inference is a clear one—that a lesser deficiency of light must produce similar though lesser effects. Indeed we can see that this is the fact in both the paleness of skin and the depression of system, which all who are much excluded from the direct light of the sun have in common [illegible] Dr. Kane's company, though not in so gre[illegible]egree.

The paleness thus induced indicates a poor condition of blood. But blood, perhaps you will say, is made from food and air, and if these be supplied in proper quantity and quality, why should not the blood be good, although we may not have much of sunlight? Simply because the sunlight is needed to enable the food and air to produce their proper full effect on the system. How this co-operative influence is exerted we know not, but the fact is plain enough. Such experiences as those of Dr. Kane conclusively prove it.

While we do not at all consent to the ultraism of a popular lecturer whom we recently heard advise that the invalid should expose himself for some time every day naked to the direct rays of the sun, as an important means of cure, we would say to all whether invalids or in health, court rather than shun the sunlight. Let it co-operate, as nature designs that it should do, with the fresh air in giving richness to your blood and vigor to your system. Let it come into your rooms freely, and fade your carpets while it keeps you from fading. If there are too many trees about your house cut some of them down, beautiful as they are, and great as your attachment may be to them. At all events, let the sun shine abundantly upon you and upon your habitation. There is truth in the old Italian proverb, "Where the sun never comes the physician must."

A FABULOUS TREASURE.

The Duke of Brunswick, now or lately residing in Paris, is in the possession of diamonds which amount in value to the enormous sum of three millions of thalers.

A catalogue published by himself, and forming a quarto book of two hundred and sixty-eight pages, notices in an appendix all the most celebrated diamonds in the world, and contains a history of each single stone in his own collection. One of these was originally set in the handle of a Turkish cimeter, and, after many vicissitudes, came to Europe, and was found in an old Jew's shop; another sparkled in a king's diadem; a third adorned an emperor's breast; a fourth the hat of an archduke. A black diamond, which once belonged to a nabob, had done duty for centuries in India as an idol's eye. A wonderfully beautiful pink brilliant was once one of a set in the possession of the Emperor Baber, in Agra; it weighed eight carets, and was said to be invaluable—at least to connoisseurs.

An ornament consisting of twelve solitaires once served the Emperor Don Pedro as vest-buttons. A diamond ring of the purest water belonged to Marie Stuart, as was conclusively proven by her coat of arms and the initials M. S. thereon. A pair of ear-rings was formerly among the jewels of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. In this manner curious relics crowd one after another upon the attention. Although the Duke is the owner of numerous gems varying from twenty to forty-five thousand thalers in worth, as well as two valued at sixty thousand a piece and one at eighty thousand, he is now negotiating the purchase of one precious stone for two hundred and thirty-two thousand, and another for six hundred and fifty thousand thalers.

But the millionaire is a slave to his treasure. He dare not leave Paris; bound by his diamond chain he can not pass a night away from home lest he should be bereft of his hoard. His house, which is constructed less with a view to comfort than to security, is fire as well as burglar proof. It is surrounded by a high massive wall, upon the top of which runs a railing composed of hundreds of sharp iron spikes so arranged that as soon as one of them is touched an alarm of bells is immediately heard. This precautionary work, a master-piece of a peculiar kind, cost him fourteen thousand one hundred and twenty-seven thalers.

His diamonds are kept in a safe built within the wall, before which his bed is so placed that no thief can approach without waking or murdering him; and thus he is enabled to feast his eyes upon his treasures without the trouble of rising. This safe, which commences at the edge of the bed, is lined with granite and iron; if opened by force it immediately discharges four fire-arms, and simultaneously a violent ringing of bells is heard in every room, in order to alarm the house. The bedchamber has but one small window, and the bolt, similar to a padlock, is made of strong iron, and can not be opened without a knowledge of its secret. Close by the side of the bed stands a table provided with a case containing a dozen loaded six-barreled revolvers.

The Duke, with a refinement of ingenuity, has exhausted every means of insuring himself against the designs of outside burglars, but has failed to elude the lust for gems of his valet, who, as is well known, made a bold attack upon the safe, and carried off as many of its contents as would fill his pockets. The thief, it is true, did not succeed in making his escape, and the Duke received his own again, but with it, alas! a redoubled amount of care and watchfulness.

A SUSPICIOUS TELEGRAM.

A new piece was recently given at the theatre in Munich, called "The Death of Lincoln." The author, who lived in Regensburg, wrote, while he was still working upon the drama, to the representative of the President that it would not answer to commit the murder upon the stage; it must be related skillfully in conversation. The actor, however, was not of the same opinion, and immediately returned the following telegram: "He must be murdered in the box. Send answer." Some hours after the receipt of the telegram the author received a visit from a policeman, who earnestly demanded an explanation of its dubious contents, and who naturally upon receiving it burst into a peal of laughter.

STATISTICS OF LIGHTNING.

Monsieur Boudin has recently handed in the following statement to the Academy of Sciences in Paris: A calculation has been made of 2238 persons in France who were struck dead by lightning between the years of 1835 and 1863. In many cases where the bolt fell among groups composed of both sexes, with commendable gallantry it more or less spared the female portion. Boudin confirmed the assertion of Maxwell that books were never injured by lightning, and adduced several instances to prove it. Dangerous as it undoubtedly is in general to take shelter under trees during storms, Boudin demonstrates by facts that out of thirty-four persons who were struck in the open air in the year 1853 fifteen were standing beneath trees; and only twenty-one out of one hundred and seven between the years 1841 and 1853.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The sale of negroes, convicted of larceny, at Annapolis, Maryland, came off on December 22. John Johnson, the first sold, bought himself for $37; another man brought $35, and two girls brought respectively $22 and $30. Major Vanderlip, of the Freedmen's Bureau, on the 24th of December issued a warrant for the arrest of Judge Magruder who had ordered the negroes sold; and the United States court will test the question whether or not Emancipation and Civil Rights are farces. A similar question has already risen in North Carolina and been decided by the President adverse to justice. On December 20 the sheriff of Raleigh, North Carolina, attempted to inflict punishment on a negro by whipping, when Colonel Bomfort, commandant, interfered, and, in obedience to General Sickles's order of January, 1866, abolishing corporal punishment, prevented the whipping. Indictments were presented against Colonel Bomfort and his subordinates; and an appeal was made to President Johnson, who decided in favor of the civil authorities, and the whipping was cruelly enforced. General Sickles's order was suspended by one from the President. Colonel Bomfort and other officers of the United States army are thus left by the Commander-in-Chief to stand their trial before ex-rebel judges for offense against the laws of North Carolina in executing the orders of their military superior; and the negroes were given to the lash upon trial by a jury of ex-rebels and an order of a judge in whose election they had no voice. Is slavery dead?

A heavy westerly gale began blowing, accompanied by snow, on the night of December 27, and continued with great fury for forty-eight hours. The track of the hurricane led from the great lakes across New York State, Northern Pennsylvania, New England, and along the St. Lawrence. The railroad and the shipping interests suffered severely. On most of the railroads communication was entirely suspended; numbers of trains were snow-bound in drifts high enough to cover the cars and imprison the passengers. In Canada snow fell to the depth of three feet. Off the North Atlantic coast the shipping suffered severely and many wrecks were reported. Steamers on Long Island Sound were forced to seek shelter in convenient ports; and even the ferries which ply across the North and East rivers at New York city frequently got aground in their slips, the ebbing tide and gale causing unusually low water. The European steamship *Australasian* entered the harbor, but the water was so low that she got aground; and after getting off on the changing of the tide, was compelled to put to sea for safety, and rode the gale out off the coast. The gale is said to have been the fiercest known in this latitude for twenty years.

The ocean yacht race was won by the *Henrietta*. She had a westerly breeze all the way, and made the run in the beaten track of the European steamers, with but one tack, in 13 days and 22 hours, during several of which she had to lay by in a gale. The *Fleetwing* and *Vesta* reached Cowes the next day. The only accident was on the *Fleetwing*, from which six seamen were washed in a gale and drowned.

A flag-pole, erected at Concord, New Hampshire, in honor of the nomination of Franklin Pierce in 1852, but from which no flag floated during the war, fell in the storm of December 27.

The bill lately introduced in Congress by Hon. Thaddeus Stevens to reconstruct North Carolina, by superseding the present disloyal government by a loyal one was inspired and written by John Pool, James F. Taylor, and W. W. Holden, well-known North Carolina Unionists.

Three officers and ninety men of the Second United States Cavalry and Eighteenth Infantry, were surprised and massacred by Indians near Fort Philip Kearney, Dakotah Territory, on December 22.

President Johnson has lately repeated his advice to the Southern Legislatures to reject the Amendment; and says that he "has reason to hope that such action on their part will be sustained by the Supreme Court."

Albert Griffin, editor of the *Loyal Georgian*, and an active loyalist, bitterly opposes the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment as calculated to still allow the rebels to control the South politically, and to retard the education of the masses in that section.

Rear-Admiral C. H. Davis, in a report to Congress, expresses his belief that it is by the Isthmus of Darien (Panama route) that we are first to look for the solution of the great problem of an inter-oceanic canal.

Chattanooga, Tennessee, before the war boasted of but one public school for white children; it now has six schools for blacks, and three hundred children are in attendance.

General Sherman, abandoning for the present his character of diplomat, in which he has met with little success, returned from New Orleans to St. Louis on December 28, and reached Washington on the 30th.

Chicago, lately excited over its success in obtaining pure water from Lake Superior, is now greatly concerned as to how its dirty water is to be disposed of. It will not do to run it back into the lake; and a project has been started to run it southward, and thus manure the prairies of Illinois with the "slops" of the "Lake City."

The rebel Generals William Preston, Humphrey Marshall, and John C. Breckenridge, are mentioned as probable candidates for Governor of Kentucky whether pardoned or unpardoned.

Governor Patton of Alabama, elected by the people, favors the Constitutional Amendment; Ex-Provisional Governor Parsons, appointed by the President, opposes it.

Some soldiers of the Thirty-fourth United States Infantry, enjoying their Christmas at Nashville, indulged in enthusiastic cheers for "Lincoln and Union." A party of the city police replied to their cheers by shouting for "Jeff Davis," and at the same time charged upon the soldiers, firing their revolvers at them. Edward Crego, a soldier, was instantly killed; and another, Henry Bishley, received a serious wound. None of the police were injured, nor, at our latest dates, had they even been tried.

W. H. Milburn, the blind preacher, has hopes of recovering his eye-sight, and has gone to Paris in search of surgical skill.

The lower end of City Hall Park, New York, has been sold as a Post-office site for half a million of dollars.

George W. Gale, the rebel who offered a million of dollars to secure the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, is on trial at Montgomery, Alabama.

Major-General S. R. Curtis, who commanded the Union forces in the great battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas, February, 1862, and who was for a long time commander of the Department of Missouri, died of apoplexy at Council Bluffs, Iowa, December 26.

An extensive conflagration at Elmira, New York, on December 23, destroyed one-third of the business section of the town, property to the value of half a million dollars being sacrificed.

A fire in Vicksburg, Mississippi, on December 23, destroyed over one hundred buildings, rendering as many families homeless. Two whites and four negroes perished in the flames, while six other negroes were killed by accident.

The Mississippi River steamer *Fashion* was burned near Baton Rouge December 27, and twenty lives and 2600 bales of cotton lost.

FOREIGN NEWS.

General Dix was presented as United States Minister at the Court of the Tuileries on December 23, Sunday.

Stephen H. Philips, of Massachusetts, has been appointed Attorney-General of the Hawaiian Kingdom. Heretofore the Cabinet officers of the Kingdom have been Englishmen. The change is thought to foreshadow a change of policy—not in political, however, as much as mercantile matters.

The London Trades Union—similar to protective associations in this country—have joined heartily in John Bright's reform movement, and placed their organizations at the disposal of the Reform party.

The French troops evacuated Rome on December 11, 1866. The Pope made a speech to the Eighty-fifth Regiment on its departure, thanking them for their services, but denouncing the policy which left the city and Head of the Church exposed to the Italian revolutionists. He declared France to be a great Catholic nation, and wished that its ruler were a Christian. The French commander assured the Pope of the continuance of the *moral* protection of France.

The Pope has received $10,600,000 in "Peterpence" since September 1, 1866.

Mazzini has issued an address to the citizens of Rome urging them to demand a republican form of government.

Prussia has restored to her part of Poland its ancient rights of representation as a part of the Kingdom.

The war between the Turks and Christians in Candia is beginning to excite all Europe. Belgian journals declare that Austria meditates an invasion of Turkey; and the English papers say that the Christian Powers will interfere in the affair. Since our last report Canea, the capital of Candia, has been the scene of another great battle, in which the Turks were defeated with heavy loss. Greece has taken such an active part in aiding the insurgents that Turkey threatens to break off diplomatic relations with her.

The agitation of the army reorganization question in France has divided Napoleon's Cabinet.

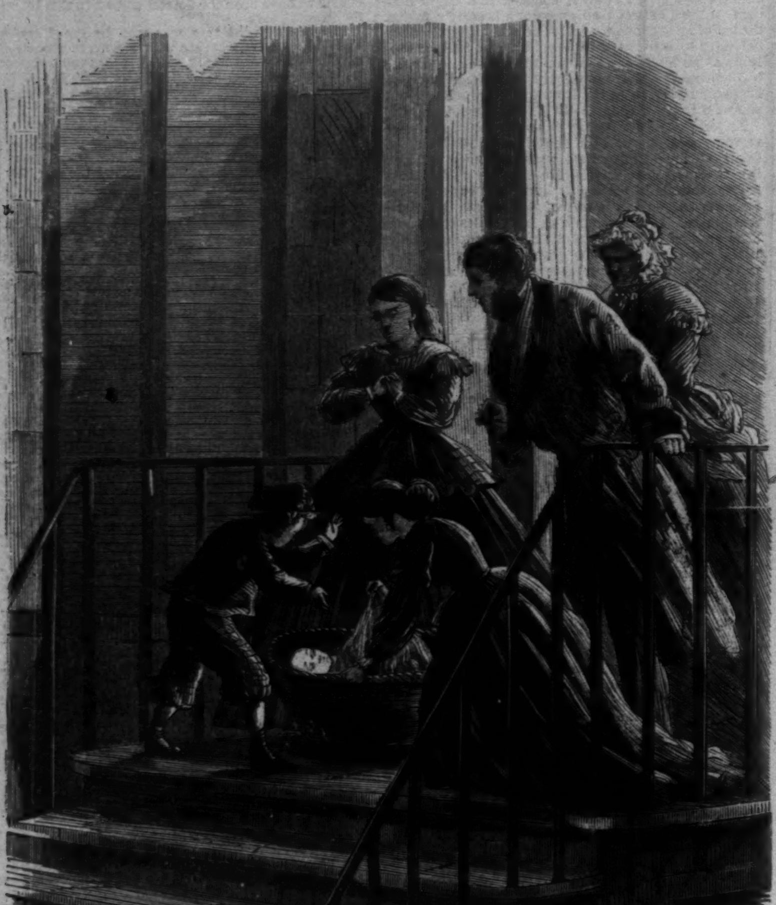
The efforts of the French to take possession of Corea and other points on the coast of Cochin China have not proved uniformly successful. The French fleet was driven off in its attack on Corea, the Chinese shore batteries proving very formidable, and the fleet had returned to Shanghai. The troops on shore, however, had captured the city of Kang-Hun.

Ireland is quiet, and the British troops were going home about New-Year's Day.

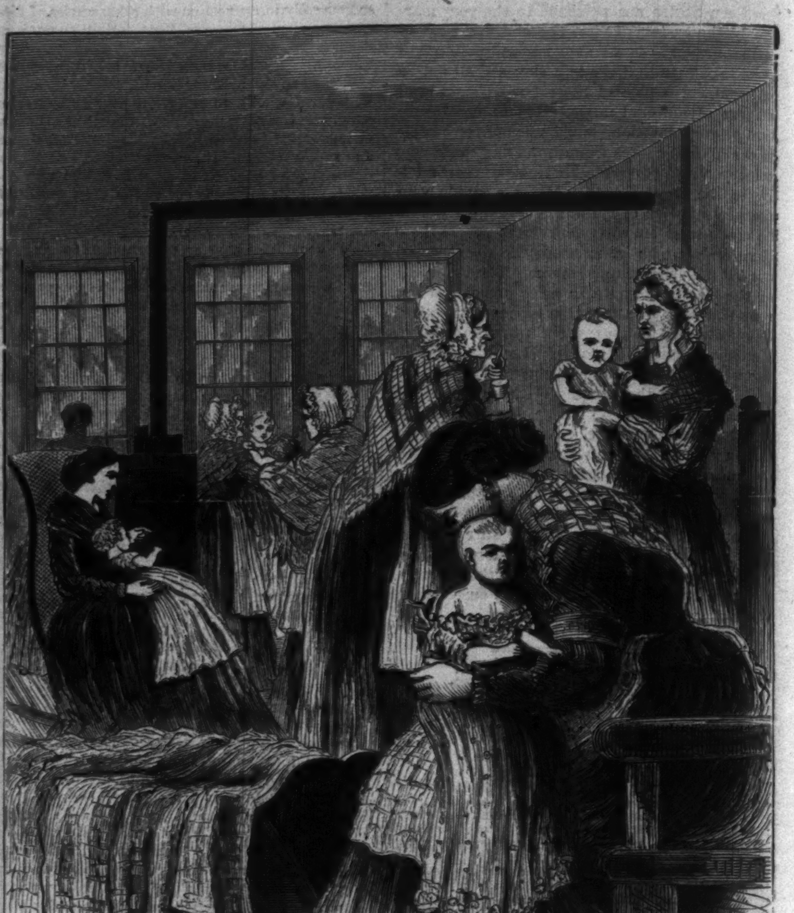
General Escobedo, commanding Juarez's principal army, was captured and executed at Matamoras, Mexico, on December 21, by Canales, who claimed to act for General Ortega. The act created a great panic in Matamoras.

Maximilian's army is said to number 35,000 men without the French.

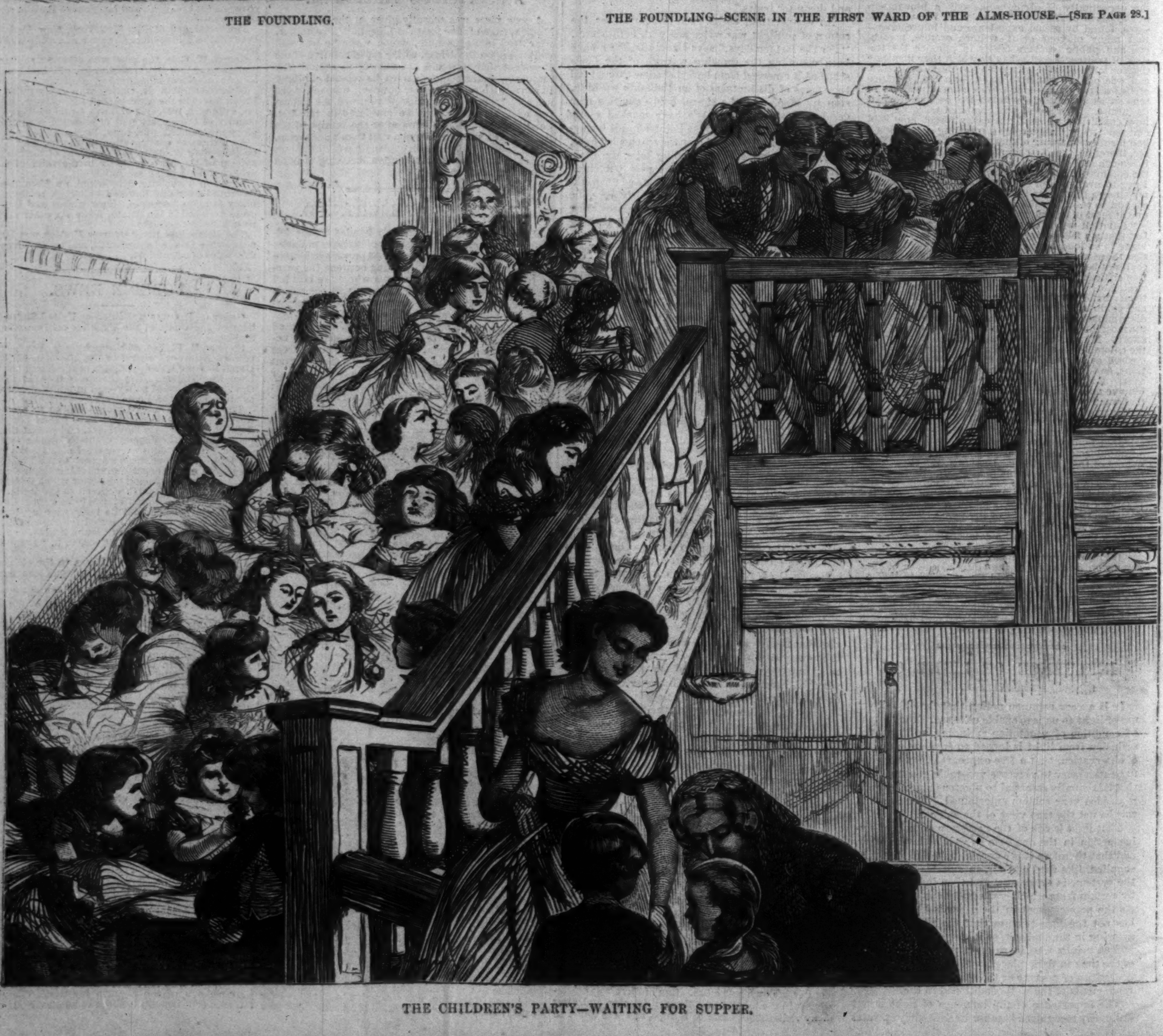
Queen Isabella of Spain has been trying to make friends with the King of Portugal. She visited Lisbon in grand state, but with evident fear and trembling, in December last. Fears were entertained and expressed by the Narvaez party that she would be forcibly detained by the Portugese authorities, who are supposed to be in the interest of the revolutionary party, and who have established a thorough military supervision of the Spanish frontier. The Spanish Cortes (Parliament) is about to be dissolved.



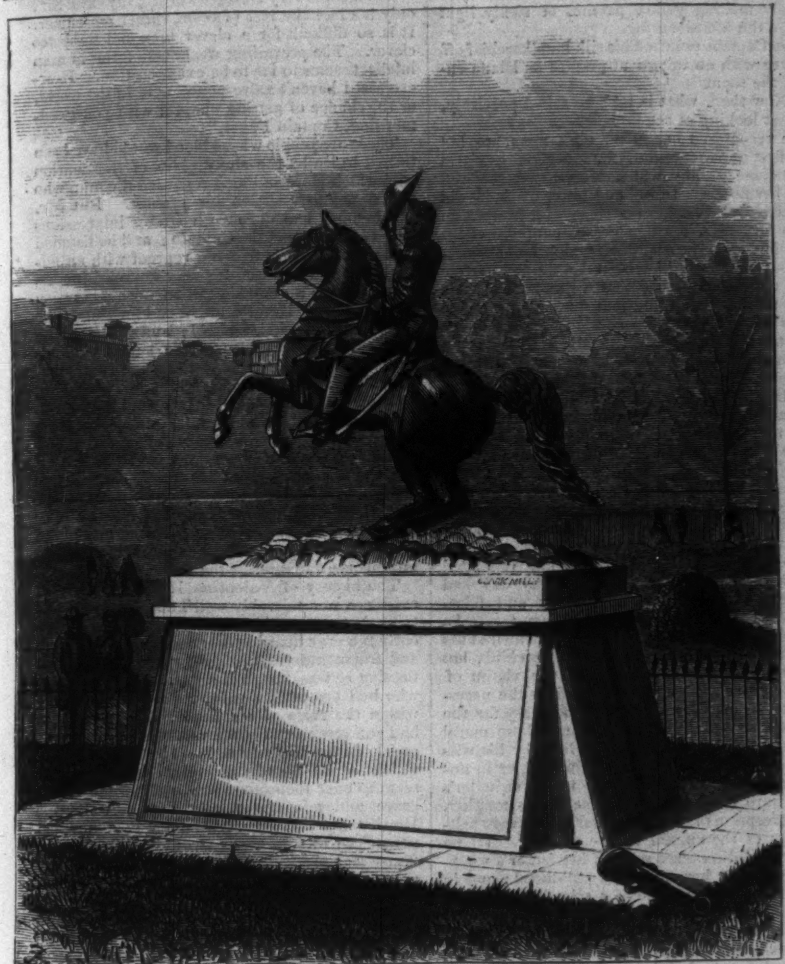
THE FOUNDLING.



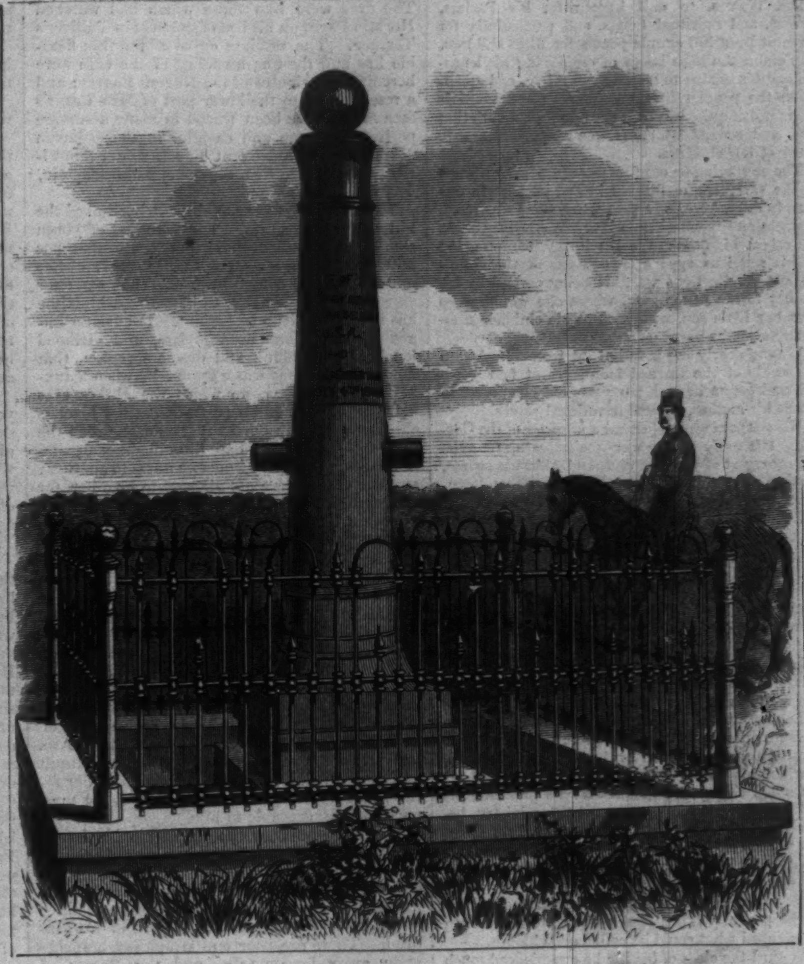
THE FOUNDLING—SCENE IN THE FIRST WARD OF THE ALMS-HOUSE.—[SEE PAGE 28.]



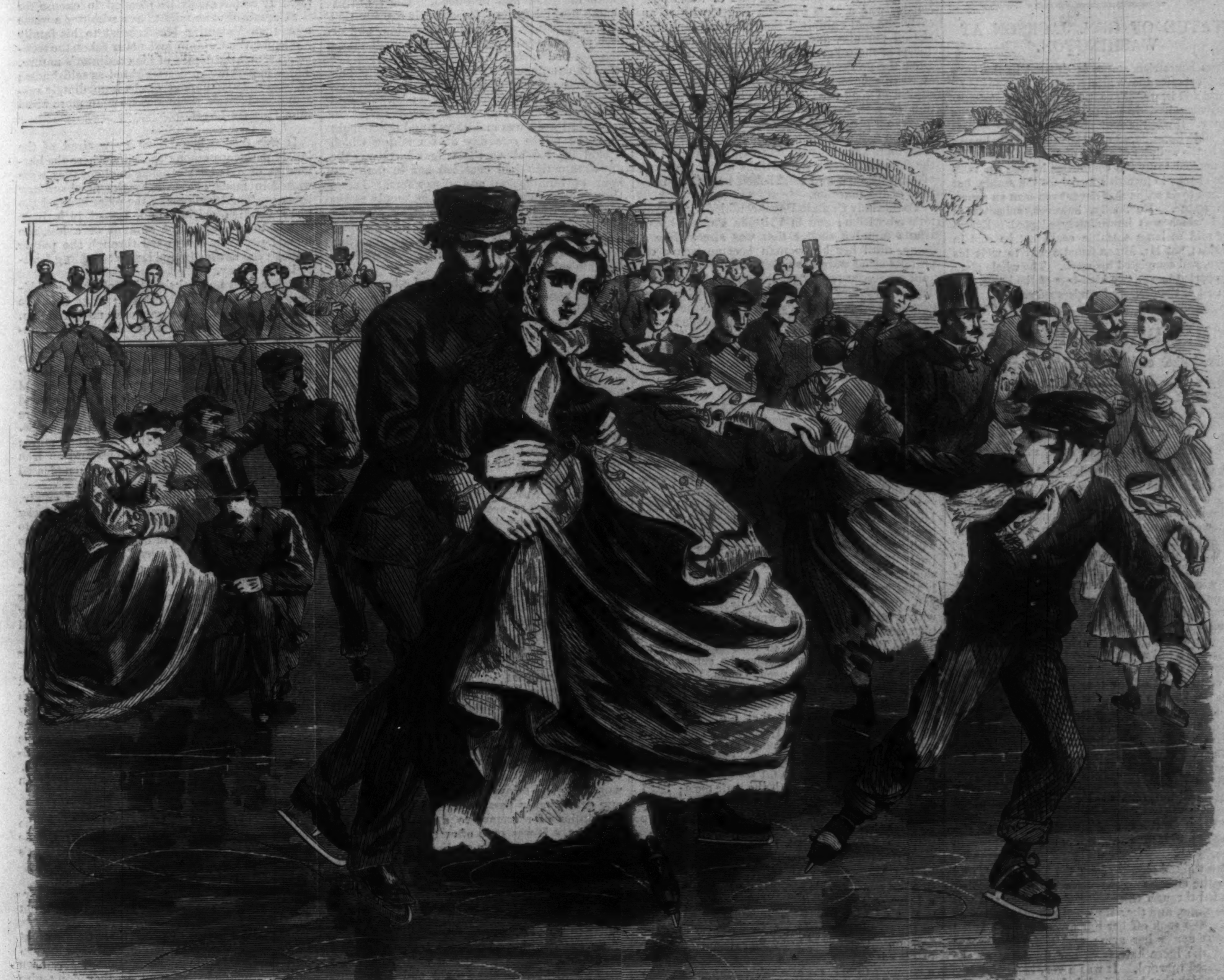
THE CHILDREN'S PARTY—WAITING FOR SUPPER.



STATUE OF GEN. JACKSON, WASHINGTON.—Photographed by A. Gardner.—[See Page 22.]



THE NEW VICKSBURG MONUMENT.—Photographed by J. E. Joslyn, Vicksburg.—[See Page 20.]



OATMAN'S FIFTH AVENUE SKATING RINK—FIRST LESSON IN SKATING.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.

DR. WATTS, so well known for his Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, and particularly for his most beautiful simple poems for little children, may claim the high honor of employing his learning and his genius to advance, improve, and spiritualize the popular literature of his country. His life is full of quiet interest, not unmingled with that trial and sorrow which is God's appointment to many of His children.

The engraving on our first page illustrates a scene in the early life of this celebrated poet. He was born in July, 1674, at a time when there was much persecution for conscience sake. While ISAAC was yet a boy, his father was put in Southampton jail by his religious opponents, and one of the child's earliest recollections was, his being carried by his mother to the prison-gate, where she would weep over her little son, who tried in his childish innocence to soothe her.

WATTS's early life is full of interest. He began the study of the learned languages at four years old, and before he was ten years old composed, to please his mother, several devotional pieces.

His purpose was to become a minister of the Gospel. His early studies were too fatiguing for even the strongest of young brains, and, after his course, first at the Grammar School of his native town, Southampton, and afterward at ROWE's Academy, in London, he returned home at the age of nineteen with a great deal of learning but an impaired constitution. At this time he began translating the Psalms, and composing his hymns, his object being to improve the rude version and rugged rhymes then used in public worship. He wrote his verses week by week, and they were sung on the Sabbath from manuscripts by the congregation.

In 1696 Sir JOHN HARTOPP invited the young student and poet—then in the 23d year of his age—to become tutor to his son, and ISAAC WATTS returned to London, and resided with the HARTOPP family, in their mansion at Stoke Newington. Here he commenced a series of works for the benefit of his pupil, of which his "LOGIC" was the most successful.

On his twenty-fourth birthday he preached his first sermon, and having entered the ministry, became the assistant of Dr. CHAUNCEY, of Mark Lane. His solemn sense of the great responsibility of his office, and his constant study, proved too much for his strength. He was reduced by a fever to the borders of the grave. After a long time of suffering he partially rallied, but never through his long life enjoyed what could be called good health.

Toward the close of his life he experienced much sorrow from the conduct of his brothers and sisters. He died November 25, 1748, in the 75th year of his age.

STATUE OF GEN. JACKSON AT WASHINGTON.

THIS equestrian statue is situated in the open square opposite the White House. It is made of bronze, and is, we believe, the first piece of statuary of any magnitude in this material ever cast in this country. It was the work of Mr. MILLS of Charleston, South Carolina, who had been previously known only as the sculptor of a bust of Mr. CALHOUN. He was applied to by the committee having the matter in charge to furnish a model for the statue, but declined to do so, having never even seen an equestrian statue. He finally, however, submitted a model which was immediately adopted. Everybody said so large a statue could not be cast in America; but Mr. MILLS found a way to melt his bronze, and completed his work. The whole piece is supported by the two hind-legs of the horse. It was cast of the bronze of condemned cannon.

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book II.—The Two Macaires.

CHAPTER III.

"HEART-BARE, HEART-HUNGRY, VERY POOR."

DIANA PAGET left the Kursaal, and walked slowly along the pretty rustic street; now dawdling before a little print-shop whose contents she knew by heart, now looking back at the great windows of that temple of pleasure which she had just quitted.

"What do they care what becomes of *me*?" she thought, as she looked up at the blank vacant windows, for the last time before she left the main street of Forêtdechêne, and turned into a straggling side street, whose rugged pavement sloped upward toward the pine-clad hills. The house in which Captain Paget had taken up his abode was a tall white habitation, situated in the narrowest of the narrow by-ways that intersect the main street of the pretty Belgian watering-place; a lane in which the inhabitants of opposite houses may shake hands with one another out of the window, and where the odor of the cabbages and onions so liberally employed in the *cuisine* of the native offends the nose of the foreigner from sunrise to sunset.

Diana paused for a moment at the entrance to this lane, but, after a brief deliberation, walked onward.

"What is the use of my going home?" she thought; "*they* won't be home for hours to come."

She walked slowly along the hilly street, and from the street into a narrow pathway winding upward through the pine-wood. Here she was quite alone, and the stillness of the place soothed her. She took off her hat and slung the faded ribbons across her arm; and the warm breeze lifted the loose hair from her forehead as she wandered upward. It was a very beautiful face from which that loose dark hair was lifted by the summer wind. Diana Paget inherited something of the soft loveliness of Mary Anne Kepp, and a little of the patrician beauty of the Pagets. The eyes were like those which had watched Horatio Paget on his bed of sickness in Tulliver's Terrace. The resolute curve of the thin flexible lips and the fine modeling of the chin were hereditary attributes of the Nugent Pagets; and a resemblance to the lower part of Miss Paget's face might have been traced in many a sombre portrait of dame and cavalier at Thorpehaven Manor, where a Nugent Paget, who acknowledged no kindred with the disreputable Captain, was now master.

The girl's reflections as she slowly climbed the hill were not pleasant. The thoughts of youth should be very beautiful; but youth that has been spent in the companionship of reprobates and tricksters is something worse than age; for experience has taught it to be better, while time has not taught it to be patient. For Diana Paget childhood had been joyless, and girlhood lonely. That blank and desolate region, that dreary flat of fenny waste ground between Vauxhall and Battersea, on which the child's eyes had first looked, had been typical of her loveless childhood. With her mother's death faded the one ray of light that had illumined her desolation. She was shifted from one nurse to another; and her nurses were not allowed to love her, for she remained with them as an encumbrance and a burden. It was so difficult for the Captain to pay the pitiful sum demanded for his daughter's support; or, rather, it was so much easier for him not to pay it. So there always came a time when Diana was delivered at her father's lodgings like a parcel, by an indignant nurse who proclaimed the story of her wrongs in shrill, feminine treble, and who was politely informed by the Captain that her claim was a common debt, and that she had the remedy in her own hands, but that the same code of laws which provided her with that remedy forbade any obnoxious demonstration of her anger in a gentleman's apartment. And then Miss Paget, after hearing all the tumult and discussion, would be left alone with her father, and would speedily perceive that her presence was disagreeable to him.

When she outgrew the age of humble foster-mothers and cottages in the dreariest of the outlying suburbs, the Captain sent his daughter to school, and on this occasion he determined on patronizing a person whom he had once been too proud to remember among the list of his kindred. There are poor and straggling branches upon every family tree; and the Pagets of Thorpehaven had needy cousins who, in the mighty battle of life, were compelled to fight among the rank and file. One of these poor cousins was a Miss Priscilla Paget, who at an early age had exhibited that affection for intellectual pursuits, and that carelessness as to the duties of the toilet which are supposed to distinguish the predestined blue-stocking. Left quite alone in the world, Priscilla put her educational capital to good use; and after holding the position of principal governess for nearly twenty years in a prosperous boarding-school at Brompton, she followed her late employer to her grave with unaffected sorrow, and within a month of the funeral invested her savings in the purchase of the business, and established herself as mistress of the mansion.

To this lady Captain Paget confided his daughter's education; and in Priscilla Paget's house Diana found a shelter that was almost like a home, until her kinswoman became weary of promises that were never kept, and pitiful sums paid on account of a debt that grew bigger every day—very weary likewise of conciliatory hampers of game and barrels of oysters, and all the flimsy devices of a debtor who is practiced in the varied arts of the gentlemanly swindler.

The day came when Miss Paget resolved to be rid of her profitless charge; and once more Diana found herself delivered like a parcel of unordered goods at the door of her father's lodging. Those are precocious children who learn their first lessons in the school of poverty; and the girl had been vaguely conscious of the degradation involved in this process at the age of five. How much more keenly did she feel the shame at the age of fifteen! Priscilla did her best to lessen the pain of her pupil's departure.

"It isn't that I've any fault to find with you, Diana, though you must remember that I have heard some complaints of your temper," she said, with gentle gravity; "but your father is too trying! If he didn't make me any promises I should think better of him. If he told me frankly that he couldn't pay me, and asked me to keep you, out of charity"—Diana drew herself up with a little shiver at this word—"why, I might turn it over in my mind, and see if it could be done. But to be deceived time after time, as I've been deceived—you know the solemn language your father has used, Diana, for you've heard him; and to rely upon a sum of money on a certain date, as I have relied again and again, after Horatio's assurance that I might depend upon him—it's too bad, Diana; it's more than any one can endure. If you were two or three years older, and further advanced in your education, I might manage to do something for you by making you useful with the little ones; but I can't afford to keep you and clothe you during the next three years for nothing, and so I have no alternative but to send you home."

The "home" to which Diana Paget was taken upon this occasion was a lodging over a toy-shop in the Westminster Road, where the Captain lived in considerable comfort on the proceeds of a Friendly and Philanthropic Loan Society.

But no very cordial welcome awaited Diana in the gaudily-furnished drawing-room over the toyshop. She found her father sleeping placidly in his easy-chair, while a young man, who was a stranger to her, sat at a table near the window writing letters. It was a dull November day—a very dreary day on which to find one's self thrown suddenly on a still drearier world; and in the Westminster-Bridge road the lamps were already making yellow patches of sickly light amidst the afternoon fog.

The Captain twitched his silk handkerchief off his face with an impatient gesture as Diana entered the room.

"Now then, what is it?" he asked peevishly, without looking at the intruder.

He recognized her in the next moment; but that first impatient salutation was about as warm a welcome as any which Miss Paget received from her father. In sad and bitter truth, he did not care for her. His marriage with Mary Ann Kepp had been the one grateful impulse of his life; and even the sentiment which had prompted that marriage had been by no means free from the taint of selfishness. But he had been quite unprepared to find that this grand sacrifice of his life should involve another sacrifice in the maintenance of a daughter he did not want; and he was very much inclined to quarrel with the destiny that had given him this burden.

"If you had been a boy I might have made you useful to me sooner or later," the Captain said to his daughter, when he found himself alone with her on the night of her return; "but what on earth am I to do with a daughter, in the unsettled life I lead? However, since that old harridan has sent you back, you must manage in the best way you can," concluded Captain Paget with a discontented sigh.

From this time Diana Paget had inhabited the nest of the vultures, and every day had brought its new lesson of trickery and falsehood. There are men—and bad men too—who would have tried to keep the secret of their shifts and meannesses hidden from an only child; but Horatio Paget believed himself the victim of man's ingratitude, and his misdoings the necessity of an evil destiny. It is not easy for the unsophisticated intellect to gauge those moral depths to which the man who lives by his wits must sink before his career is finished, or to understand how, with every step in the swindler's downward road, the conscience grows tougher, the perception of shame blunter, the savage selfishness of the animal nature stronger. Diana Paget had discovered some of her father's weaknesses during her miserable childhood; and in the days of her unpaid-for schooling she had known that his most solemn promises were no more to be relied on than the capricious breath of a summer breeze. So the revelations which awaited her under the paternal roof were not utterly strange or entirely unexpected. Day by day she grew more accustomed to that atmosphere of fraud and falsehood. The sense of shame never left her; for there is a pride that thrives amidst poverty and degradation, and of such pride Diana Paget possessed no small share. She writhed under the consciousness that she was the daughter of a man who had forfeited all right to the esteem of his fellow-men. She valued the good opinion of others, and would fain have been beloved and admired, trusted and respected; for she was ambitious; and the thought that she might one day do something which should lift her above the vulgar level was the day-dream that had consoled her in many an hour of humiliation and discomfort. Diana Paget felt the Captain's shame as keenly as her mother had felt it; but the remorse which had agonized gentle Mary Anne, the tender compassion for others which had wrung that fond and faithful heart, had no place in the breast of the Captain's daughter.

Diana felt so much compassion for herself that she had none left to bestow upon other people. Her father's victims might be miserable, but was not she infinitely more wretched? The landlady who found her apartments suddenly tenantless and her rent unpaid might complain of the hardness of her fortune; but was it not harder for Diana, with the sensitive feelings and the keen pride of the Pagets, to endure all the degradation involved in the stealthy carrying away of luggage, and a secret departure under cover of night?

At first Miss Paget had been inclined to feel aggrieved by the presence of the young man whom she had seen writing letters in the gloomy dusk of the November afternoon; but in due time she came to accept him as a companion, and to feel that her joyless life would have been drearier without him. He was the secretary of the Friendly and Philanthropic Loan Society, and of any other society organized by the Captain. He was Captain Paget's amanuensis and representative: Captain Paget's tool, but not Captain Paget's dupe; for Valentine Hawkehurst was not of that stuff of which dupes are made.

The man who lives by his wits has need of a faithful friend and follower. The chief of the vultures must not be approached too easily. There must be a preparatory ordeal, an outer chamber to be passed, before the victim is introduced to the sanctuary which is irradiated by the silver veil of the prophet. Captain Paget found an able coadjutor in Valentine Hawkehurst, who answered one of those tempting advertisements in which A. B. C. or X. Y. Z. was wont to offer a salary of three hundred a year to any gentlemanly person capable of performing the duties of secretary to a newly-established company. It was only after responding to this promising offer that the applicant was informed that he must possess one indispensable qualification in the shape of a capital of five hundred pounds. Mr. Hawkehurst laughed aloud when the Captain imparted this condition with that suave and yet dignified manner which was peculiar to him.

"I ought to have known it was a dodge of that kind," said the young man coolly. "Those very good things—duties light and easy, hours from twelve to four, speedy advancement certain for a conscientious and gentlemanly person, and so on—are always of the genus *do*. Your advertisement is very cleverly worded, my dear Sir; only it's like the rest of them, rather *too* clever. It is so difficult for a clever man not to be *too* clever. The prevailing weakness of the human intellect seems to me to be exaggeration. However, as I haven't a five-pound note in the world, or the chance of getting one, I'll wish you good-morning, Captain Paget."

There are people whose blood would have been turned to ice by the stony glare of indignation with which Horatia Paget regarded the man who had dared to question his probity. But Mr. Hawkehurst had done with strong impressions long before he met the Captain; and he listened to that gentleman's freezing reproof with an admiring smile. Out of this very unpromising beginning there arose a kind of friendship between the two men. Horatio Paget had for some time been in need of a clever tool; and in the young man whose cool insolence rose superior to his own dignity he perceived the very individual whom he had long been seeking. The young man who was unabashed by the indignation of a scion of Nugents and Cromies and Pagets must be utterly impervious to the sense of awe; and it was just such an impervious young man that the Captain wanted as his coadjutor. Thus arose the alliance, which grew stronger every day, until Valentine took up his abode under the roof of his employer and patron, and made himself more thoroughly at home there than the unwelcome daughter of the house.

The history of Valentine Hawkehurst's past existence was tolerably well known to the Captain; but the only history of the young man's early life ever heard by Diana was rather vague and fragmentary. She discovered, little by little, that he was the son of a spendthrift *littérateur*, who had passed the greater part of his career within the rules of the King's Bench; that he had run away from home at the age of fifteen, and had tried his fortune in all those professions which require no educational ordeal, and which seem to offer themselves invitingly to the scapegrace and adventurer. At fifteen Valentine Hawkehurst had been errand-boy in a newspaper office; at seventeen a penny-a-liner, whose flimsy was pretty sure of admission in the lower class of Sunday papers. In the course of a very brief career he had been a provincial actor, a *manège* rider in a circus, a billiard-marker, and a betting agent. It was after having exhausted these liberal professions that he encountered Captain Paget.

Such was the man whom Horatio Paget admitted to companionship with his only daughter. It can scarcely be pleaded in excuse for the Captain that he might have admitted a worse man than Valentine Hawkehurst to his family circle, for the Captain had never taken the trouble to sound the depths of his coadjutor's nature. There is nothing so short-sighted as selfishness; and beyond the narrow circle immediately surrounding himself there was no man more blind than Horatio Paget.

It was dusk when Diana grew tired of the lonely pathways among the hills, where the harmonies of a band stationed in the valley were wafted in gusts of music by the fitful summer breeze. The loneliness of the place soothed the girl's feverish spirits; and, seated in a little classic temple upon the summit of a hill, she looked pensively downward through the purple mists at the newly-lighted lamps twinkling faintly in the valley.

"One does not feel the sting of one's shabbiness here," thought Miss Paget; "the trees are all dressed alike. Nature makes no distinction. It is only Fortune who treats her children unfairly."

The Captain's daughter walked slowly back to the little town in the deepening dusk. The lodging occupied by Horatio Paget and his household consisted of four roomy chambers on the second story of a big rambling house. The rooms were meanly furnished, and decorated with the tawdry ornamentation dear to the continental mind; but there were long wide windows and an iron balcony, on which Diana Paget was often pleased to sit.

She found the sitting-room dark and empty. No dinner had been prepared; for on lucky days the Captain and his protégé were wont to dine at the *table d'hôte* of one of the hotels or to feast sumptuously *à la carte*, while on unlucky days they did not dine at all. Diana found a roll and some cream cheese in a roomy old cupboard that was flavored with mice; and after making a very indifferent meal in the dusky chamber, she went out upon the balcony and sat there looking down upon the lighted town.

She had been sitting there for nearly an hour in the same attitude, when the door of the sitting-room was opened, and a footstep sounded behind her. She knew the step; and although she did not lift her head her eyes took a new brightness in the summer dusk, and the listless grace of her attitude changed to a statuesque rigidity, though there was no change in the attitude itself.

She did not stir till a hand was laid softly on her shoulder, and a voice said,

"Diana!"

The speaker was Valentine Hawkehurst, the young man whose entrance to the golden temple had been so closely watched by Captain Paget's daughter.

She rose as he spoke and turned to him.

"You have been losing, I suppose, Mr. Hawkehurst," she said, "or you would not have come home?"

"I am compelled to admit that you are right in your premise, Miss Paget, and your deduction is scarcely worth discussion. I *have* been losing—confoundedly; and as they don't give credit at the board of green cloth yonder, there was no excuse for my staying. Your father has not been holding his own within the last hour or two; but when I left the rooms he was going to the Hotel d'Orange with some French fellows for a quiet game of écarté. Our friend the Captain is a great card, Miss Paget, and has a delightful talent for picking up distinguished acquaintance."

There are few daughters who would have cared to hear a father spoken of in this free-and-easy manner; but Diana Paget was quite unmoved. She had resumed her old attitude, and sat looking toward the lighted windows of the Kursaal, while Mr. Hawkehurst lounged against the angle of the window with his hands in his pockets and a cigar in his mouth.

For three years Valentine Hawkehurst had lived in constant companionship with the Captain's daughter; and in that time his manner to her had undergone considerable variation. Of late it had been something in the manner of an elder brother, whose fraternal breast is impervious to the influence of a sister's loveliness or a sister's fascination. If Diana Paget had been a snub-nosed young person with red hair and white eyelashes, Mr. Hawkehurst could scarcely have treated her with a more friendly indifference, a more brotherly familiarity.

Unhappily this line of conduct, which is perhaps the wisest and most honorable plan that a man can pursue when he finds himself thrown into a dangerously familiar association with a beautiful and unprotected woman, is the very line of proceeding which a beautiful woman can never bring herself to forgive. A chivalrous stiffness, a melancholy dignity, a frozen frigidity, which suggest the fiery bubbling of the lava flood beneath the icy surface—these are delightful to the female mind. But friendly indifference and fraternal cordiality constitute the worst insult that can be offered to her beauty, the most bitter outrage upon the majesty of her sex.

"I suppose it will be midnight before papa comes home, Mr. Hawkehurst," Diana said, abruptly, when her companion had finished his cigar, and had thrown the end of it over the balcony.

"Past midnight more likely, Miss Paget. May I ask how I have become Mr. Hawkehurst all of a sudden, when for the last three years I have been usually known as Valentine—or Val?"

The girl turned her head with a gesture in which the carelessness of his own manner was imitated. She stole a rapid look at him as she answered, "What does it matter whether I call you by one name or another?"

"What does any thing matter? I believe Mr. Toots was an unconscious philosopher. There is nothing in the world of any consequence except money. Go and look at those poor devils yonder and you will see what *that* is worth," he cried, pointing to the lighted Kursaal; "there you behold the one great truth of the universe in action. There is nothing but money, and men are the slaves of money, and life is only another name for the pursuit of money. Go and look at beauty yonder fading in the light and heat; at youth that changes to age before your eyes; at friendship which turns to hate when the chances of the game are with my friend and against me. The Kursaal is the world in little, Diana; and this great globe of ours is nothing but a gigantic gaming-table—a mighty temple for the worship of the golden calf."

"Why do you imitate those people yonder, if you despise them so heartily?"

"Because I am like them and of them. I tell you that money is the beginning and end of all things. Why am I here, and why is my life made up of baseness and lies? Because my father was an improvident scoundrel, and did not leave me five hundred a year. I wonder what I should have been like, by-the-by, if I had been blessed with five hundred a year."

"Honest and happy," answered the girl, earnestly. She forgot her simulated indifference, and looked at him with sad, earnest eyes. He met the glance, and the expression of his own face changed from its cynical smile to a thoughtful sadness.

"Honest, perhaps; and yet I almost doubt if any thing under five thousand a year would have kept me honest. Decidedly not happy; the men who can be happy on five hundred a year are made of a duller stuff than the clay which serves for a Hawkehurst."

"You talk about not being happy with five hundred a year!" Diana exclaimed, impatiently. "Surely any decent existence would be happiness to you compared to the miserable life you lead—the shameful, degraded life which shuts you out of the society of respectable people and reduces you to the level of a thief. If you had any pride, Valentine, you would feel it as bitterly as I do."

"But I haven't any pride. As for my life—well, I suppose it is shameful and degraded, and I know that it's often miserable; but it suits me better than jog-trot respectability. I can dine one day upon truffled turkey and Champagne, another day upon bread and cheese and small beer; but I couldn't eat beef and mutton always. That's what kills people of my temperament. There are born scamps in the world, Diana, and I am one of them. My name is Robert Macaire, and I was created for the life I lead. Keep clear of me if you have any hankering after better things; but don't try to change my nature, for it is wasted labor."

"Valentine, it is so cruel of you to talk like that."

"Cruel to whom?"

"To—those—who care for you."

"It was quite dark now; but even in the darkness Diana Paget's head drooped a little as she said this.

Mr. Hawkehurst laughed aloud.

"Those who care for me!" he cried. "No such people ever lived. My father was a drunken scoundrel, who suffered his children to grow up about him as he would have suffered a litter of puppies to sprawl upon his hearth, only because there was less trouble in letting them lie there than in kicking them out. My mother was a good woman in the beginning, I know; but she must have been something more than a mortal woman if she had not lost some of her goodness in twelve years of such a life as she led with my father. I believe she was fond of me, poor soul! but she died six months before I ran away from a lodging in the Rules, which it is the bitterest irony to speak of as my home. Since then I have been Robert Macaire, and have about as many friends as such a man usually has."

"You can scarcely wonder if you have few friends," said Miss Paget, "since there is no one in the world whom you love."

She watched him through the darkness after saying this; watched him closely, though it was too dark for her to see the expression of his face, and any emotion to which her words might have given rise could be betrayed only by some gesture or change of attitude. She watched him in vain, for he did not stir. But after a pause of some minutes he said, slowly,

"Such a man as I can not afford to love any one. What have I to offer to the woman I might pretend to love? Truth, or honor, or honesty, or constancy? Those are commodities I have never dealt in. If I know what they are, and that I have never possessed them, it is about as much as I do know of them. If I have any redeeming grace, Diana Paget, it lies in the fact that I know what a worthless wretch I am. Your father thinks he is a great man, a noble, suffering creature, and that the world has ill-used him. I know that I am a scoundrel, and that let my fellow-men treat me as badly as they please, they can never give me worse usage than I deserve. And am I a man to talk about love, or to ask a woman to share my life? Good God, what a noble partner I should offer her! what a happy existence I could assure her!"

"But if the woman loved you, she would only love you better for being unfortunate."

"Yes, if she was very young and foolish and romantic. But don't you think I should be a villain if I traded on her girlish folly? She would love me for a year or two, perhaps, and bear all the changes of my temper; but the day would come when she would awake from her delusion, and know that she had been cheated. She would see other women—less gifted than herself, probably—and would see the market they had made of their charms; would see them rich and honored and happy, and would stand aside in the muddy streets to be splashed by the dirt from their carriage-wheels. And then she would consider the price for which she had bartered her youth and her beauty, and would hate the man who had cheated her. No, Diana, I am not such a villain as the world may think me. I am down in the dirt myself, and I'm used to it. I won't drag a woman into the gutter just because I may happen to love her."

There was a long silence after this—a silence during which Diana Paget sat looking down at the twinkling lights of the Kursaal. Valentine lighted a second cigar and smoked it out, still in silence. The clocks struck eleven as he threw the end of his cigar away; a tiny, luminous speck, which shot through the misty atmosphere below the balcony like a falling star.

"I may as well go and see how your father is getting on yonder," he said, as the spark of light vanished in the darkness below. "Good-night, Diana. Don't sit too long in the cold night-air; and don't sit up for your father—there's no knowing when he may be home."

The girl did not answer him. She listened to the shutting of the door as it closed behind him, and then folded her arms upon the iron rail of the balcony, laid her head upon them, and wept silently. Her life was very dreary, and it seemed to her as if the last hope which had sustained her against an unnatural despair had been taken away from her to-night.

Twelve o'clock sounded with a feeble little *carillon* from one of the steeples, and still she sat with her head resting upon her folded arms. Her eyes were quite dry by this time; for with her tears were very rare, and the passion which occasioned them must needs be intense. The night-air grew chill and damp; but although she shivered now and then beneath that creeping, penetrating cold which is peculiar to night-air, she did not stir from her place in the balcony till she was startled by the opening of the door in the room behind her.

All was dark within, but Diana Paget was very familiar with the footstep which sounded on the carpetless floor. It was Valentine Hawkehurst, and not her father, whose step her quick ear distinguished.

"Diana," he called; and then he muttered in a tone of surprise, "all dark still. Ah! she has gone to bed, I suppose. That's a pity." The figure in the balcony caught his eye at this moment.

"What in goodness' name has kept you out there all this time?" he asked; "do you want to catch your death of cold?"

He was standing by the mantle-piece lighting a candle as he asked this unceremonious question. The light of the candle shone full upon his face when Diana came into the room, and she could see that he was paler than usual.

"Is there any thing the matter?" she asked, anxiously.

"Yes; there is a great deal the matter. You will have to leave Forêtdechêne by the earliest train to-morrow morning, on the first stage of your journey to England. Look here, my girl! I can give you just about the money that will carry you safely to London; and when you are once there Providence must do the rest."

"Valentine, what do you mean?"

"I mean that you can not get away from this place—you can not dissever yourself from the people you have been living with too soon. Come, come, don't shiver, child. Take a few drops of this cognac, and let me see the color come back to your face before I say any more."

He poured the dregs of a bottle of brandy into a glass, and made her drink the spirit. He was obliged to force the rim of the glass between her set teeth before he could succeed in this.

"Come, Diana," he said, after she had drunk, "you have been a pupil in the school of adversity so long that you ought to be able to take misfortunes pretty quietly. There's a balance struck somehow or other, depend upon it, my girl; and the prosperous people who pay their debts have to suffer as well as the Macaire family. I'm a scamp and a scoundrel, but I'm your true friend nevertheless, Diana; and you must promise to take my advice. Tell me that you will trust me."

"I have no one else to trust."

"No one else in this place. But in England you have your old friend—the woman with whom you were at school. Do you think she would refuse to give you a temporary home if you sued to her *in forma pauperis?*"

"No, I don't think she would refuse. She was very good to me. But why am I to go back to London?"

"Because to stay here would be ruin and disgrace to you; because the tie that links you to Horatio Paget must be cut at any hazard."

"But why?"

"For the best or worst of reasons. Your father has been trying a trick to-night which has been hitherto so infallible that I suppose he had grown careless as to his execution of it. Or perhaps he took a false measure of the man he was playing with. In any case, he has been found out, and has been arrested by the police."

"Arrested, for cheating at cards!" exclaimed the girl, with a look of unspeakable disgust and horror. Valentine's arm was ready to support her, if she had shown any symptom of fainting; but she did not. She stood erect before him, very pale, but firm as a rock.

"And you want me to go away?" she said.

"Yes, I want you to disappear from this place before you become notorious as your father's daughter. *That* would be about the worst reputation which you could carry through life. Believe me that I wish you well, Diana, and be ruled by me."

"I will," she answered, with a kind of despairing resignation. "It seems very dreary to go back to England to face the world all alone. But I will do as you tell me."

She did not express any sympathy for her father, then languishing under arrest, whereby she proved herself very wicked and unwomanly, no doubt. But neither womanly virtues nor Christian graces are wont to flourish in the school in which Diana Paget had been reared. She obeyed Valentine Hawkehurst to the letter, without any sentimental lamentations whatever. Her scanty possessions were collected, and neatly packed, in little more than an hour. At three o'clock she lay down in her tawdry little bedchamber to take what rest she might in the space of two hours. At six she stood by Valentine Hawkehurst on the platform of the railway station, with her face hidden by a brown gauze veil, waiting till the train was made ready to start.

It was after she was seated in the carriage that she spoke for the first time of her father.

"Is it likely to go very hard with him?" she asked.

"I hope not. We must try to pull him through it as well as we can. The charge may break down at the first examination. Good-by."

"Good-by, Valentine."

They had just time to shake hands before the train moved off. Another moment and Miss Paget and her fellow-passengers were speeding toward Liege.

Mr. Hawkehurst drew his hat over his eyes as he walked away from the station.

"The world will seem very dull and empty to me without her," he said to himself. "I have done an unselfish thing for once in my life. I wonder whether the recording angel will carry that up to my credit, and whether the other fellow will blot out any of the old score in consideration of this one little bit of self-sacrifice."

END OF BOOK II.

TURNING GRAY.

FANNY's hair is growing gray!
She laments, not so do I;
I may love her freely now,
None will question why.

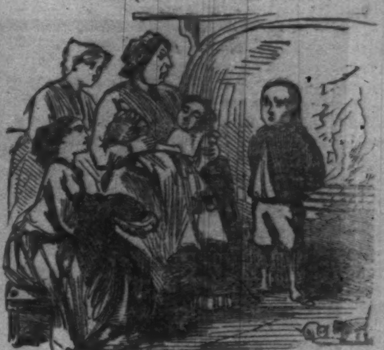
Some might think I loved too well
Were she young, and fair, and gay;
But all censure's silenced now—
Fanny's hair is gray!

I could love her none the more
Were her youth renewed to-day;
So I only smile to think
Fanny's hair is gray!

Could her smile more sweetly shine,
Could her eyes more soul betray,
If she were a girl again,
Than now when she is gray?

No! I would not have her changed,
Nor younger by a day;
'Tis a secret joy to me,
"Fanny's hair is gray!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



THE TWINS.

MASTER FREDDY (*who remembers the fate of the puppies last week*).—"Well, Nurse, which one are you going to keep?"

PROSAIC POETRY.—I gave her a rose and gave her a ring, and I asked her to marry me then; but she sent them all back, the insensible thing, and said she'd no notion of men. I told her I'd oceans of money and goods—tried to frighten her with a growl; but she answered she wasn't brought up in the woods, to be scared by the screech of an owl. I called her a coquette and every thing bad, I slighted her features and form; till at length I succeeded in getting her mad, and she raged like the sea in a storm. And then in a moment I turned and smiled, and called her my angel and dear; she fell in my arms like a wearisome child, and exclaimed, "We will marry this year!"

A STOUP.—An ingenious commentator suggests that the line, "When lovely woman *stoops* to folly" means when she takes a drop of something "short."

HOW TO GET RID OF WEEDS.—Always put your Cigar-case and its contents at the service of your friends.

When has a lady more water in her system than when she has a cataract in her eyes, a creek in her back, a waterfall in her poll, and her shoes high-tied?—When she has a notion (an ocean) in her head.

NOT LIKELY.—As the Roman Catholic Clergy have for so long a time acquiesced in the giving up of Matrimony, the Pope may also acquiesce in the giving up of Patrimony.

Balloons are like vagrants. When up they have no visible means of support.

A CONJUGAL SPAT.

Loud brayed an ass. Quoth Kate: "My dear,
(To spouse, with scornful carriage),
One of your relatives I hear."
"Yes, love," said he, "by marriage."

THE THOUGHTS OF A MISER.

"Oh, that I had been born in the Golden Age, with a Silver Spoon in my mouth!"

"A penny for your thoughts," indeed! Why, most people's would be dear at two lots for three halfpence.

It drives me frantic to read of "a glut of gold;" of money being "a drug in the market." I could take any amount of that drug.

The house I should like to live in would be a house at a peppercorn-rent.

The man for my money is the man who can kill two birds with one stone.

If children are ever "as good as gold," I shouldn't mind having a few.

There is many an Eve tempted by Satin in our dry-goods windows.

CONJUGAL JARS.

Know we not all, the Scripture saith,
That man and wife are *one* till death?
But Peter and his scolding wife
Wage such an endless war of strife,
You'd swear, on passing Peter's door,
That man and wife at least were *four*.

"A check in time saves nine," says a mean husband, explaining that unless you give your wife's extravagance a check, she will ask for one every week.

Why is a cheese-factory like some of the fixed stars?—Because it is in the milky way.

SOMEBODY'S SAYINGS.

The course of true love is a race-course where there is often a false start.

Alas! how fleeting are the charms of Nature when unhelped by Art! Who would long prize Beauty, if it were not for Soap?

Teeth are stopped with gold, and tongues may be so, likewise. A man with a rich wife is often silenced by her throwing her money in his teeth.

Philosophers have speculated as to whether men become beasts after death; but let us reflect how often they make beasts of themselves before it!

Cupid shoots with a rifle now, and not with bow and arrows. Else how is it that girls can hear the popping of the question?

When does a man entertain his guest and horse alike?—When they both feed at his table (his stable).

The mayor of a small village of France having occasion to give a passport to a distinguished personage in his neighborhood who was blind of an eye, was in great embarrassment on coming to the description of his person. Fearful of offending the good man, he adopted the following ingenious expedient for avoiding the mention of his deformity. He wrote, "Black eyes, one of which is absent."

When is a doctor's pocket like a music store?—When it has a viol in it.

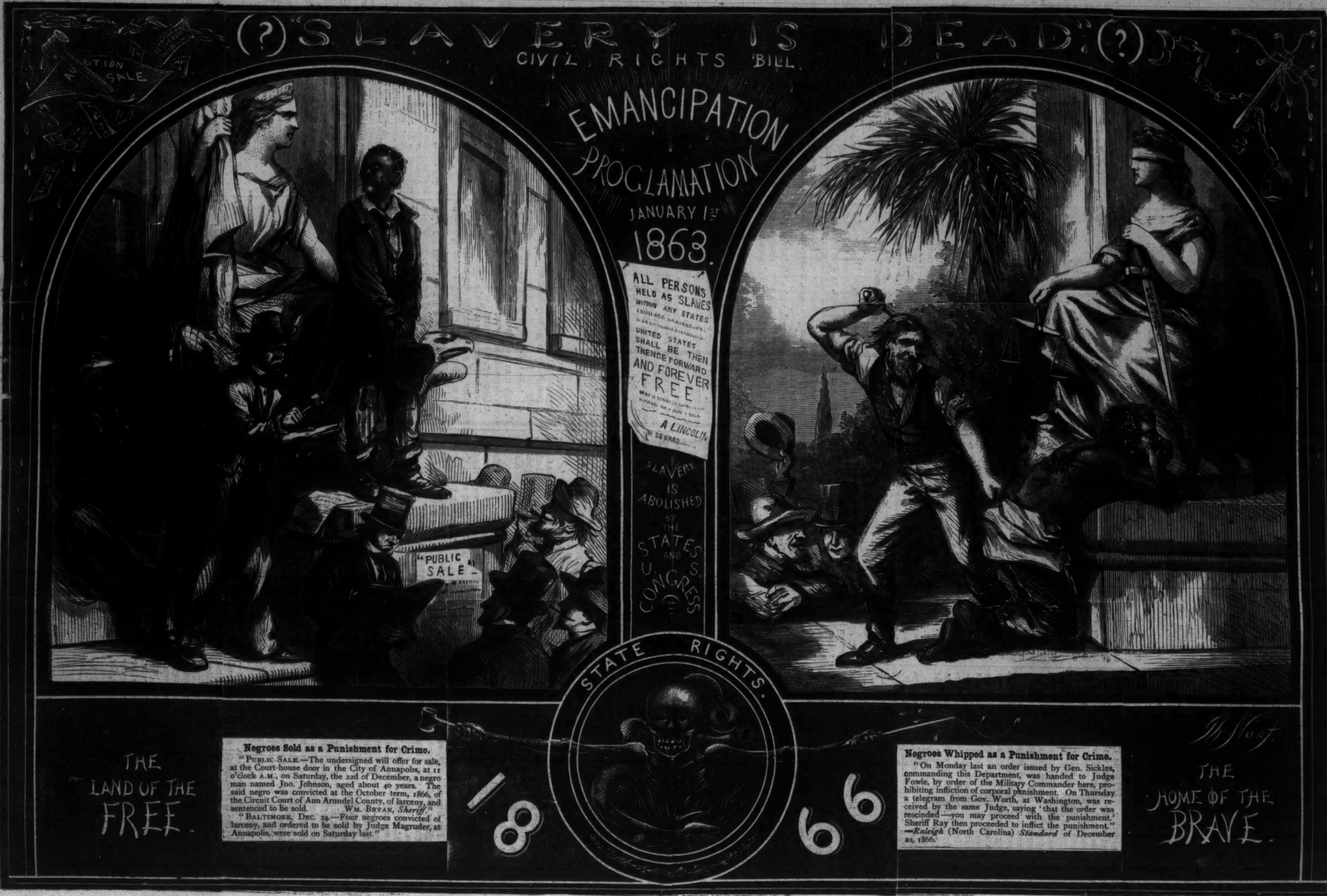
The following epitaph is actually to be seen on a stone in Wolverhampton Church, dated 1690:

Here lies the bones
Of Joseph Jones,
Who ate while he was able;
But once o'erfed,
He dropt down dead,
And fell beneath the table.
When from the tomb,
To meet his doom,
He rises amidst sinners;
Since he must dwell
In heav'n or hell,
Take him—which gives best dinners.

The full dress of a native lady of Colombo is a hair-pin and a garter.

Who was Jonah's tutor?—The whale who brought him up.

The speaker who *took the floor* has been arrested for stealing lumber.


(?) "SLAVERY IS DEAD"? (?)
CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.
AUCTION SALE
EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION
JANUARY 1st 1863.
ALL PERSONS HELD AS SLAVES WITHIN ANY STATES
UNITED STATES SHALL BE THEN THENCE FORWARD AND FOREVER FREE
A LINCOLN.
W. SEWARD.
SLAVERY IS ABOLISHED BY THE STATES AND U. S. CONGRESS
"PUBLIC SALE."
STATE RIGHTS.
1866
THE LAND OF THE FREE.
THE HOME OF THE BRAVE.
Th. Nast.

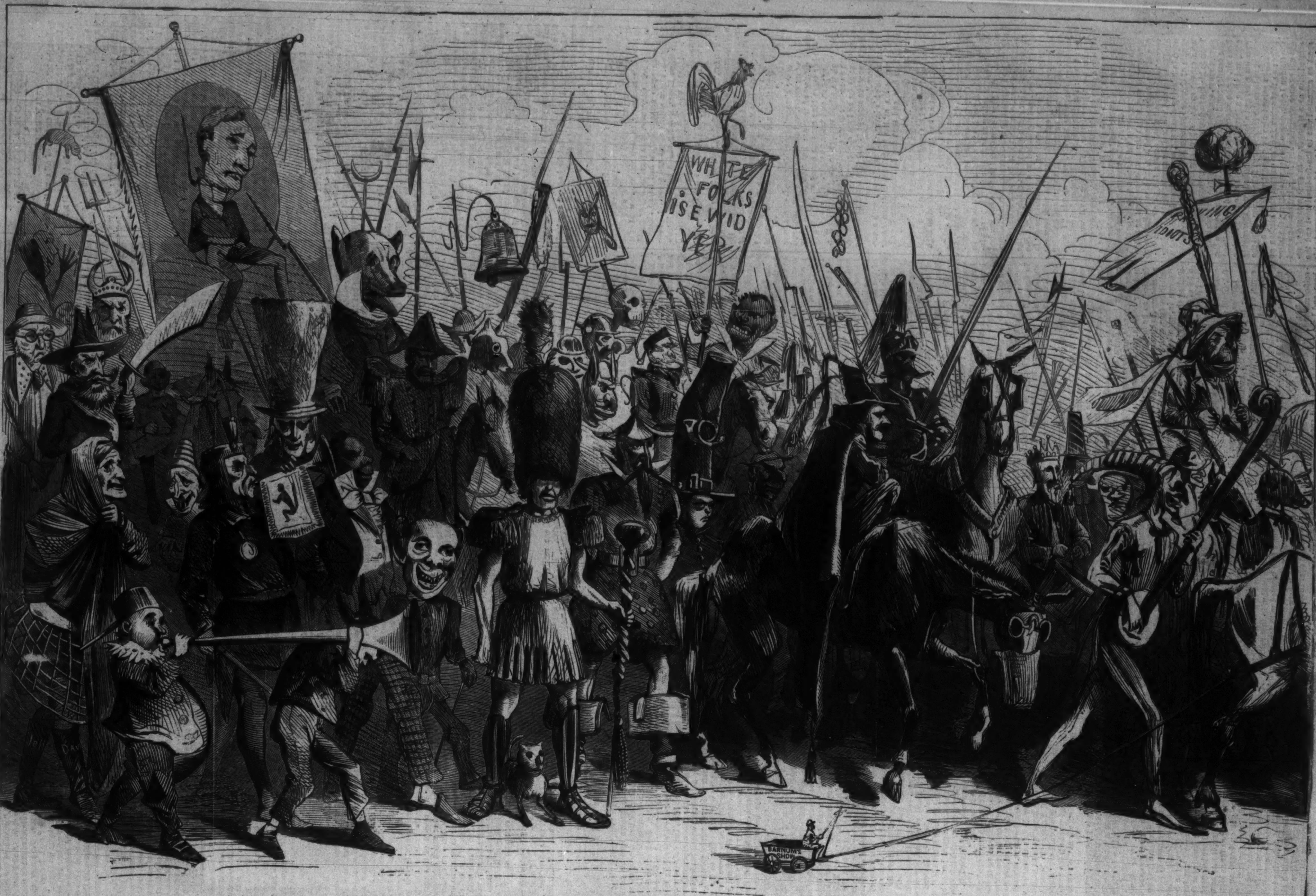
Negroes Sold as a Punishment for Crime.

"PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned will offer for sale, at the Court-house door in the City of Annapolis, at 11 o'clock A.M., on Saturday, the 22d of December, a negro man named Jno. Johnson, aged about 40 years. The said negro was convicted at the October term, 1866, of the Circuit Court of Ann Arundel County, of larceny, and sentenced to be sold. WM. BRYAN, *Sheriff*."

"BALTIMORE, DEC. 24.—Four negroes convicted of larceny, and ordered to be sold by Judge Magruder, at Annapolis, were sold on Saturday last."

Negroes Whipped as a Punishment for Crime.

"On Monday last an order issued by Gen. Sickles, commanding this Department, was handed to Judge Fowle, by order of the Military Commander here, prohibiting infliction of corporal punishment. On Thursday a telegram from Gov. Worth, at Washington, was received by the same Judge, saying 'that the order was rescinded—you may proceed with the punishment.' Sheriff Ray then proceeded to inflict the punishment."—*Raleigh* (North Carolina) *Standard* of December 22, 1866.


WHITE FOLKS ISE WID YER
IDIOTS
BARNUM'S SHOW

HOLIDAY STREET FANTASTICALS IN NEW YORK CITY.—[SEE PAGE 28.]

KATCHEN'S CAPRICES.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IX.

AT last the kitchen was cleared of all save the Kesters, Häns, and Ebner.

"Oh, Herr Ebner, what will they do to him?" asked Katchen, in a pleading voice.

"Ah, Katchen, Katchen," said he, with a sad smile and a shake of the head, "ought *I* to care what they do to him?"

Katchen blushed, but answered eagerly: "But you do care, Herr Ebner, because you're good and true, and can't endure that any one should suffer unjust suspicions. What can they do to him?"

"I don't rightly know how far he was responsible, but I suppose the owners will put a value on their property, and he will have to make good the loss."

"Oh, and it might be worth Heaven knows how many gulden! These foreigners are so rich! What will he do? What will he do?"

"Well, Katchen, as to the value of the box, I can give you some good news; and indeed I came down to the Golden Lamb to-night partly to say something that I wouldn't say before the idle, chattering folk who were here all a-gape for gossip. There's a man at my house who has come over from Ischl about this business. He is a courier in the service of the people who own the box, and is going with them to Vienna. A Swiss named—"

"Not Laurier?" interrupted Kester.

"Yes, truly; his name is Laurier," returned Ebner.

"Ah, I know him! He's a friend of mine," said Kester.

"Is he? Well, he seems to be a friend of Rosenheim's also. He says the poor fellow is terribly cut up, and vows he will sell every thing he has in the world to make up the value of the stolen goods rather than rest under any shade of suspicion if they can't be traced. But, at any rate, Laurier thoroughly believes in Fritz's honesty."

"Yes, yes, yes; of course he does. He spent an evening with him here, in this very kitchen," said Josef, with a touch of importance in his manner, and omitting, with characteristic inaccuracy, to state that it was Fritz who had brought the courier to the Golden Lamb.

"But, Herr Ebner," said Katchen, timidly, "please what is the good news about the value of the box?"

"The good news, Katchen, is, that the box, which, it appears, was a dressing-case, contained only a few trinkets of trifling value, and a sum of money in napoleons—French gold coin, you know. The lady removed the rest of her jewels at the last moment, being unwilling to trust them out of her sight."

Then Ebner went on to explain that Laurier had left the travelers with whom he had journeyed as far as Salzburg, and had been engaged by the owners of the missing box to accompany them to Vienna. It had been his own proposition to come over to Gossau for a day and make inquiries.

"I fancy," said Ebner, "that he has got scent of something that may lead to discovery. But he's a shrewd, close fellow, and keeps his tongue between his teeth; and it's as well to follow his example in this matter."

Caspar Ebner had seen enough of the landlord of the Golden Lamb to be quite aware that there was but one chance of insuring Kester's being discreetly silent on any subject—namely, to keep him as ignorant of it as might be. Otherwise, it is possible Ebner could have been more communicative had he so chosen. Katchen had been sitting silent and attentive. Suddenly, when Ebner, looking at his big silver watch, declared that it was time for him to go, she jumped up and asked, anxiously: "Then how much do you think Fritz will have to pay if the box is not found after all?"

"Tut, tut," said her father, testily; for he had been a little annoyed at the reserved tone which Ebner had assumed. "Women's curiosity is never satisfied. Do you think we are going to give you the particulars at full length, just that you may run all over Gossau to-morrow with your tongue going like a mill-clack? You'll know all that's needful for *you* to know in good time, my lass."

Under other circumstances this speech would have elicited a tart retort, and possibly an unpleasant and unfilial display of temper; but now Katchen only turned her large blue eyes on Ebner with an eager, questioning gaze, and made no reply.

"I think we might venture to trust Mam'sell Katchen with an answer to her question," said Ebner, quietly; "but as far as I am concerned it is impossible. I don't know the amount of the sum contained in the dressing-case."

Then he took his leave, and went away with a sorrowful conviction at his heart that Katchen never would love him, and that she did love Fritz Rosenheim very dearly. And yet Ebner felt a glow of pleasure at the recollection of the way she had kissed his hand and praised his goodness, and he drew in his inmost mind that he had never before stood so high in Katchen's estimation as he did that night.

"I've conquered her in one way, if I can't in another," thought he. "She'll never *laugh* at me again, at all events." Caspar Ebner had never admitted to himself the possibility of his love appearing ridiculous in Katchen's eyes so long as he retained any hope of winning her. But now he confessed that she *had* laughed at him; so I suppose he must have known it all along.

As to Katchen, she went into her own little room, and, wrapping her cloak around her, sat down on the side of her bed, and meditated on many things. She sat quite still for more than an hour, until the oil in her lamp was nearly exhausted and the wick began to sputter. She roused herself with a start, and knitting her flaxen eyebrows sternly, said aloud: "I will. Yes; I will; I'm determined." Katchen had evidently taken a great resolution. Then she lay down, and fell into a deep and childlike slumber.

The wintry sun was faintly struggling to pierce a heavy mass of snow-laden clouds, when, on the following morning, Laurier, who was up betimes, issued forth from the hostelry of the Black Eagle. The clew, whatever it was, which the courier had got as to the fate of the leather-covered box, led him to climb to a very considerable height among the pine woods behind Gossau, and to spend the greater part of the forenoon in hanging about the saw-mills and watching a couple of charcoal-burners loading a miserable pony with canvas sacks. About one o'clock Laurier went back to his inn to dinner, and then, having lighted his meerschaum, strolled leisurely down to Kester's house. The courier could afford to walk leisurely despite the keen air, for he was comfortably wrapped in a fur-lined coat, and wore a traveling-cap with side-flaps coming over his ears, and altogether looked very thoroughly protected from the inclemency of the season. But the protection served also in a great measure as a disguise; so that when Laurier entered the kitchen of the Golden Lamb, where Kester was sitting, the latter did not at once recognize his visitor, but stood up and saluted him as a stranger, with such measure of respect as appeared due to the fur-lined coat and the traveling-cap. Before making himself known to his host Laurier glanced sharply round the large room, as though to assure himself that there was no other person present. Then he unfastened the flaps which nearly covered his face, threw open the heavy coat, and held out his hand to Kester with a friendly gesture. Old Josef was somewhat taken aback on recognizing the courier, and put an extra touch of patronage into his greeting to make up for the low bow he had been cheated into giving him at first. But it was not long before they were seated side by side near the stove, each with a tall glass tankard of beer at his elbow; and the landlord prepared to enjoy a good gossip about the great event of the lost dressing-case. To a certain extent he was gratified. Laurier spoke fluently enough, for he possessed an art of which it may be presumed that Caspar Ebner was ignorant—namely, the power of talking copiously on any subject without telling any essential particular whatever respecting it. So that, though the conversation went briskly on, and Laurier never appeared to be exercising any caution in framing his answers, yet when Kester thought over it afterward, he could not recall having learned one circumstance from the courier which had been unknown to him before. On the other hand, Laurier, by a series of well-directed questions, drew a good deal of information from Josef respecting the events of the morning on which Fritz Rosenheim had left Gossau for Ischl. When somewhat more than an hour had been passed in this way, and the two men were still alone in the kitchen, Laurier asked if he should not have the pleasure of seeing Mam'sell Katarine before he went away.

"Oh, Katchen? Yes, surely, you shall see her if you will. I've hardly set eyes on her myself to-day," answered Kester, in a grumbling tone.

"I hope she's quite well," said Laurier.

"Well, yes, I suppose so. She came down this morning with her head muffled up in a black silk handkerchief after the Bohemian fashion. I asked if there was any thing the matter, but she said no; she was only cold. Lord, what queer cattle these women creatures be! The ugly ones bedizen themselves with all manner of finery, while the pretty ones—well, they *mostly* bedizen themselves too!" said Josef, bringing his speech to an abrupt termination from inability to find an antithetical climax. "Katchen!" he bawled, "Katchen! Oh, now I think of it, she must be gone down to the wood-stack for fuel."

"Surely that's rather rough work for her at this time of year," said Laurier. "What's that strapping wench about that I saw here in the autumn?"

"Ah," rejoined the old man, "there's another of my plagues! That Liese is the most cross-grained, contrary creature! She can work for six when she has a mind; but if she's as strong as a horse she's as obstinate as a mule, and she has taken herself off, the Lord knows where."

"Taken herself off!" echoed Laurier, quickly.

"Yes; a message was sent down here about a quarter of an hour before you came, from Heinrich Amsel's mother—Heinrich is Liese's sweet-heart, more fool she—and the self-willed jade said she must have leave to go out for the afternoon, and, when I refused, she coolly went, whether I liked it or no."

Laurier was busy fastening on his cap by this time. "Well," said he, "I must be off too. I wish I had known before about—" He checked himself abruptly.

"About what?" asked Kester.

"Oh, nothing, nothing; only I must really be going now. There's a deal to do, and I've lost a good hour here already." And with a hurried shake of the hand the courier took leave of his host and left the kitchen, setting forth into the gathering shades of the early twilight with a quick, resolute step.

Kester stood for a minute at the door watching him. "Not too civil, our friend the courier," grumbled the old man, with his pipe between his teeth. "Lost a good hour here, has he? Sappermint! And *my* time? I suppose he thinks that is of no value, because I sat so good-naturedly listening to his chat! Well, a landlord has a good deal to put up with in the way of business."

Then Josef returned to his beer and his tobacco, and fell asleep comfortably before the warm stove.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

As Laurier walked rapidly toward the Black Eagle he thought over all the circumstances which had come to his knowledge relative to the missing box, and the result of his thinking was so thoroughly to confirm his preconceived suspicions, that he resolved to confide his view of the case, without loss of time, to Caspar Ebner, in order to consult with him as to what method had best be taken to bring the guilty parties to justice and clear Fritz's character; for that the dressing-case had been, not lost, but stolen, was to Laurier now no longer a matter of doubt. As he approached the inn his eye lighted on the space of garden-ground in front of the house. Something he saw there appeared to startle him, for he stood still and peered straight before him, straining his gaze in the uncertain light. Almost as he stopped a dark figure, crouching under the garden wall, moved and advanced a few steps so as to be well in Laurier's view. "Dear Heaven!" exclaimed he, "I was not mistaken, then! It is you, Mam'sell Katchen."

"Hush!" said the girl, softly, with one cold, red finger peeping forth from the folds of her cloak and raised warningly. "Hush! I want to speak to you, Herr Laurier. I've been waiting here for more than half an hour, because I didn't want any one else to know."

"What! waiting here? You must be frozen! Will you come into the great kitchen? There'll be a roaring fire there."

"No, no, thank you; but if you wouldn't mind going in first and opening the back door that leads into the stable-yard, I will come into the little parlor. We shall find nobody there at this hour, and I do so want to speak to you."

Laurier looked at her with a puzzled expression, but said he would do as she wished, and forthwith proceeded into the house, leaving her to take her way through the stable-yard. When he reached the back-door and opened it, there stood Katchen wrapped in her thick blue cloak, the hood of which was drawn over her head down to the eyebrows. Her round cheeks were pale, her little nose pinched with the cold, and her eyelids red and swollen. And yet Laurier fancied, as he looked at her, that, in spite of the disadvantageous circumstances, there was a beauty in the childlike face which he had not seen there before. "Come in, mam'sell," said he, holding a light and leading the way into the parlor, "but I wish there was a bit of fire for you. It's mortal cold in here."

"I don't mind it," said Katchen, as she entered the room, and shut the door behind her. And then she stood opposite the courier, looking at him with a wistful, timid glance.

Laurier, who was a good-natured fellow, tried to help her to disclose the business on which she had come, but she seemed unable to speak to him. Her lips moved and trembled, but no sound came forth. "I see how it is," said he, "you're just petrified with the cold. Let me go and fetch you a bowl of hot coffee."

"No, no; pray don't!" she cried, with an effort at self-command. "I don't want any one to know I am here, and I am not cold. I—I will speak, indeed, in a moment." She put one hand on the lock of the door to stay him from opening it, and then, with her head partly turned away, said, tremulously, "Do you remember that night you were at our house, Herr Laurier, when father made me show you the length of my hair?"

"Remember it? To be sure I do! And how angry the Herr Landlord was when I talked of having it cut off for a wig! Ha, ha!"

"You said, that night," pursued Katchen, with deepening color and a nervous twitching of the hand which still rested on the handle of the door—"you said that you knew some one—that there was a friend of yours in Paris who—I mean you thought that he would—that he might, perhaps—buy it!"

The last words were brought out with a jerk, and her color deepened and deepened until her whole face was burning red.

"Buy it! Buy what, mam'sell? You don't mean—"

"Yes; I do. My hair. I mean to sell it if I can," said Katchen, whose firmness seemed to return, now that the first plunge was over. "I should be so grateful to you, if you would try for me. I know I am asking a great, great favor; but I have no other way. And—and—I can't explain it, Herr Laurier; but when I thought of the way you spoke of your own daughter at home, somehow, that gave me courage to come and beg you to help me in this thing."

"My child," said Laurier, kindly, taking her hand, "you're right in thinking that I am willing to help you; but, as I am a father myself, you know, I must say that I shouldn't like *my* lass to shear off all her pretty locks for the sake of gaining money by 'em."

"It is not only for the sake of the money, indeed," cried the girl, eagerly.

"You'd best think of it well beforehand, at all events, Mam'sell Katchen. Do nothing rashly."

"Ah, it is too late to warn me. I was afraid you might advise me not to do it, so—look!" She drew a bundle from under her cloak, and in so doing displaced the hood, which fell back, disclosing a little round flaxen head cropped quite closely, and evidently by inexpert fingers. There was something at once ludicrous and touching in her aspect, as she stood there looking so baby-like and simple, and yet with a womanly light shining out of her blue eyes. Laurier gave a long whistle, and stood silent for a minute or two staring at her.

"Well," said he, at last, "it's done, I see; and there's no use in crying over spilled milk. But I think it's a great pity. And, now, how much do you expect to get for all this?" As he spoke he took up the rich coils of plaited hair which Katchen had produced from beneath her cloak, and weighed them thoughtfully in his hand.

"Ah! that's just what I don't know, Herr Laurier. I want to get as much as ever I can."

"I suppose so," said the courier, dryly. It was evident that Katchen's eagerness about the money revolted him a little.

"How much do you think, Herr Laurier, I shall get?" pursued Katchen, unheedful of his altered manner.

"Well, I can really hardly tell to a kreutzer," returned Laurier. "I'm sorry if any thing *I* said has induced you to do this, for I fear I may have raised false hopes, and you may happen to be disappointed."

Katchen's face fell. "Could you guess any where near the sum, please, Herr Laurier?" said she, with a trembling lip.

"Well, perhaps—mind, I can't be answerable to a fraction—I say perhaps, if I got my friend in Paris to buy it, he might go as high as a hundred and fifty or two hundred francs. That's a fancy price for the raw material; but then the hair is something out of the common."

"Oh, thank you, thank you! Two hundred francs is a great deal of money, isn't it?"

"It all depends, mam'sell. It's a good deal to some people, and very little to others. But it's a great pity, as I said before, that you should have been in such a hurry, for I sha'n't have an opportunity of seeing my friend at Paris before next spring at soonest; and you might have kept your pretty yellow locks on your head all the time between this and then."

"Herr Laurier," said Katchen, after an instant's hesitation, "I thought of that too. I hope you won't have a bad opinion of me for what I'm going to ask. You wouldn't, I believe, if you knew all. Can you—will *you* let me have the money? I don't care if you give me a little less than you think the hair may be worth, only pray do let me have the money now at once! I cut off my hair before I came," she added, naively, "because I fancied if you saw it was done and couldn't be undone you might be more likely to consent to buy it."

Laurier was completely puzzled. There was a single-minded, simple earnestness in the girl's manner which seemed incompatible with mere selfish greed of gain. As he looked attentively in her face a light seemed all at once to dawn on him which made him instantly soften his manner.

"My good child," said he, "I'm not at all sure that I *can* do what you wish. It is possible that I might manage to advance a hundred francs or so; but I am not a rich milord, Mam'sell Katchen, who has but to put his hand in his pocket and bring it out full of gold napoleons. I work hard, and have others to think of besides myself. Look here. If you will go and sit by the fire in the billiard-room—there isn't a soul there, I'll answer for it—I'll just think over how my money matters stand and give you an answer. I won't keep you long."

Katchen suffered him to take her cold hand and lead her along the stone passage until they reached the door of the billiard-room. It was empty, as he had promised, and he placed her by the stove and was about to leave her when she called him back.

"Herr Laurier, Herr Laurier! You won't tell any body," said she, gravely, "because it is a secret."

"Oh, as to that, Mam'sell Katerina," returned the courier, with a queer glance over his shoulder as he left the room, "make your mind easy."

But nevertheless he betook himself forthwith to Caspar Ebner's private apartment, and remained closeted with the landlord for some time. Meanwhile Katchen sat by the stove in the great bare billiard-room, enjoying the warmth in a half-unconscious way. She had let the hood—which she had drawn up on leaving the little parlor—slip back from her head, and every now and then she passed her hand softly over the short silky hair, as though to assure herself that the long luxuriant tresses were really gone. She had sat musing and almost dozing for nearly three-quarters of an hour, when Laurier returned, and, walking straight up to her, put a roll of very dirty Austrian bank-notes into her hand.

"Oh, Herr Laurier!" exclaimed Katchen, looking nervously at the little parcel; "is this—?"

"Yes, mam'sell; the price of these," answered Laurier, as he held out the long thick plaits of hair at arm's-length. "I have made an exact calculation, and I find I can afford to give the full price I named. There's eighty-five gulden in that roll."

Katchen's face beamed with joy, although her eyes were brimming over with tears. She caught Laurier's hand and pressed it between both hers. Suddenly a shadow passed over the childlike joy which lit up her countenance.

"I hope," said she, anxiously—"I do hope you are not doing this merely out of kindness and generosity. You won't be a loser by your goodness, will you?"

"No, no, my little maiden," answered the courier: "no fear of that. I am quite safe. And listen, Katchen; I beg you not to be grateful to me in the matter, because—because it hurts me. And now, child, I must see you safely within your own home. It is pitch dark outside, and I can't let you go alone."

But Katchen protested she felt no fear and needed no escort, and before Laurier could remonstrate she had pulled her hood over her head, and run out of the room, and out of the house, leaving him with the soft mass of glistening yellow plaits in his hand.

The next day all Gossau was ringing with the news that the officers of justice had been making perquisitions in the Amsels' cottage up in the pine-woods behind the village, and that old Lotte, Heinrich Amsel's mother, had been arrested. All sorts of stories were flying about. Some said that a band of robbers had been discovered, who had their head-quarters at the saw-mills. Others declared that Heinrich Amsel had singly performed exploits which surpassed the most desperate deeds of Schinderhannes. But as the afternoon wore on something like a consistent story was currently accepted. It was known that Liese, Kester's servant, was in custody as well as the old woman. Heinrich Amsel had disappeared from Gossau, and gone no one knew whither; but search was being diligently made for him. The excitement was intense, and the Golden Lamb once more became the focus of interest and news. Again and again did Kester, speaking as one who had private and mysterious means of information, relate to eager listeners the circumstantial evidence which appeared to inculpate the Amsels. And as the customers' thirst for beer was in accurate proportion to the keenness of their curiosity the landlord of the Golden Lamb was in a high state of fuss and satisfaction. It was, perhaps, well for Katchen that his attention should have been thus occupied just at this time, for it diverted his mind from the consideration of what he termed her undutiful behavior. There had been a stormy scene between father and daughter when, at last, Josef had discovered the fact of Katchen's shorn locks. He had gone into one of his ungovernable fits of rage—which were, fortunately, as brief as they were violent—and had stormed incoherently for ten minutes. But then, curiosity getting the better of anger, he had insisted on learning the reason of this sacrifice on Katchen's part. When, after much hesitation, and with many tears and blushes, Katchen confessed that she had sold her beautiful hair in order to help Fritz Rosenheim to make up the value of the lost dressing-case, Josef Kester was stricken dumb with amazement. He sank down in the great chair, and stared at his daughter for some minutes in profound silence. At last, leaning his head back and folding his arms with an air of superhuman calmness and resignation, he said, slowly:

"No, no; I can't call it any thing else but madness. The girl's just mad with the spirit of contradiction. It's like my luck. I oughtn't to be surprised. There's not a man in all fatherland who's had such troubles to bear as I have."

"Oh, father," murmured Katchen, with tearful eyes, "don't say so! I know I have often been undutiful and self-willed, but I mean to try to be better; and if you will only forgive me, I will be a good child to you—indeed I will."

Kester closed his eyes to intensify the expression of resignation he had thrown into his countenance, and repeated, nodding his head gently up and down, "Mad with the spirit of contradiction. I can't call it any thing else but madness. Look at the case. Here's a girl carrying on all manner of moonshine with a young fellow who's not worth a kreutzer in the world. I say nothing against him, but he's as poor as Job. Her father objects to the moonshine, and exerts himself to find her a husband worth having in every respect. The man is found, comes forward in a thoroughly satisfactory way, and offers to the girl. The girl tells her anxious father, of her own free-will, that she will accept the offer—an offer, mind you, which any other lass in Gossau, or for twenty leagues about, would go down on her knees and thank Heaven for—and, then, in the next breath, turns round and declares she can never, never consent to marry him. Her father is naturally angry and disappointed, but, being a fond parent, is beginning to forgive her, and even to be reconciled to the idea of letting her choose for herself, when—piff, paff!—one fine day she informs him that she has quarreled desperately with lover number one, that she can on no account be induced to think of him any more, and has sent him packing in the footsteps of lover number two. This is another trial to a father's feelings, but it isn't the worst yet. No sooner does lover number one, who has hitherto borne a high character, get into a scrape—no sooner, in short, does he lie under suspicion of theft and breach of trust—than my fräulein, who professed before not to care a snap of the finger for him, coolly cuts off her beautiful hair, that there isn't the like of in the district, and sends him the price of it to help pay his forfeit! I tell you what, my wench, you've only made one mistake after all. Instead of shearing your head, you ought to have shaved it!" Kester had talked himself almost into a good humor by this time, and repeated, complacently, with his eyes still shut and his head thrown back, "Shaved it. Yes, that's what you ought to have done."

Katchen took all this with unwonted meekness, and busied herself silently in attending to the household duties, which fell heavily on her shoulders in the absence of Liese. But what helped her to be patient, and even cheerful, was the hope, almost amounting to certainty, that now Fritz's character would come out spotless from the investigations which were being made. "Not," said Katchen to herself—"not that any one who knows him could ever suspect him of a dishonest action, but I want all the world to be convinced that his conscience is as clear in this matter as the sun at noonday."

The course of justice is proverbially tardy, and she puts on no special shoes of swiftness in the Austrian empire. It was therefore a long time before the legal proceedings necessitated by Laurier's accusation against Liese and the Amsels resulted in the disclosure of any important facts. The strongest circumstance against Heinrich Amsel was the discovery of some fragments of a box, with a broken lock adhering to them, hidden under a heap of pine chips in the saw-mills. The lock had evidently resisted the clumsy attempts made to pick it, and the box had been smashed to pieces with some blunt instrument. A broken woodman's axe was found near the fragments, but could not be proved to have belonged to Heinrich Amsel. As regards this man, it may as well be stated at once that he was traced as far as Hamburg, where it was supposed he got on board an emigrant-ship bound for the United States, the sum of ready money contained in the dressing-case having doubtless facilitated his escape. The two women, Lotte and Liese, though more than suspected of complicity in the robbery, were finally released, it having been found impossible to elicit any evidence which should amount to legal proof of their guilt. Liese persisted, with dogged obstinacy, in denying all knowledge of the loosened cord, which she was strongly suspected to have purposely untied when packing the boxes on the cart. She also aroused much popular indignation by throwing out stupidly malevolent hints that Fritz Rosenheim, and he alone, was the culprit. As soon as she was set at liberty she went away, no one knew whither, with old Lotte Amsel. Some conjectured that they had gone to join Heinrich in America; others supposed them to have made their way to Vienna, where Liese had relatives, not of the most reputable character. However that may have been, it is certain that they disappeared from Gossau, and were heard of there no more.

Fritz Rosenheim's conduct in the affair had won the warm approbation of the owners of the lost dressing-case. And as soon as the circumstances brought to light on the trial were made known to them they not only restored to Fritz the sum he had insisted on paying to them as the first installment of the full value of their property, but made him a handsome present into the bargain. But all this, even the preservation of his good name, which was dear to Fritz's honest pride, gave him not one half the joy that filled his heart on learning, as he did from Laurier, the name of the anonymous friend who had forwarded him two hundred francs in Austrian notes.

"I couldn't for the life of me puzzle out who it could be," said he; "but at last I guessed it might possibly be Herr Ebner. He was always very kind to me, and I knew him to be a good, charitable man. Still, of course, I thought it strange. And I resolved to ask him point-blank. Because, of course, I meant to scrape and strive to pay it all back, some day. But to think of its being my Katchen! The darling! And her pretty, precious golden hair, that was worth more than all the money that ever was coined—just to think of the little angel cutting it all off for *my* sake! There never was any body in the world like her, and I feel as if I wasn't worthy to fasten her shoe-tie."

However, for as modest as he was, Fritz in course of time screwed up his courage to the point of resolving once more to ask this angel to share his earthly lot. The first meeting between the lovers since that gloomy parting in the gray autumn morning was a somewhat constrained one; Katchen was shy and silent, Fritz timid and anxious. He hesitated for a choice form of words in which to tell her that he knew of the sacrifice she had made for his sake, and was filled with gratitude for it. And at last, after long deliberation and painful mental framing of a fitting speech, he suddenly fell down on his knees before her, and, taking her hands in his, blurted out:

"Oh, Katchen, how good it was of you, and how I love you!"

And I really believe that Katchen found those few words quite as eloquent as any thing else he could possibly have said.

"I am very angry," she whispered; but she didn't look so. "Herr Laurier is a traitor: he ought not to have told you."

"Not told me!" echoed Fritz, rising up, but still keeping the little hands in his. "I shall be grateful to him to my dying day for telling me. And, I say, Katchen, you ain't really sorry in your heart that he did tell me, are you? Because, if it hadn't been for that, I should never again have plucked up courage to—to—"

The speech was never finished; but perhaps Fritz meant he should not have had courage to take Katchen in his arms and kiss her. That, at all events, is what he assuredly did.

Old Kester's consent to his daughter's marriage with Fritz Rosenheim was obtained without much difficulty. He was thankful, he said, that she had made up her mind at last; though he persisted in asserting that until he saw Katchen come out of the church a wedded wife, all due forms and ceremonies having been complied with, he should never feel secure that she would not disappoint every one's expectations by some new caprice.

"As long as there was the least chance of your being suspected of robbery, my boy," said the old man to his future son-in-law, "you were right enough with Katchen. But now that the world agrees to acknowledge you an honest man, why you'd best look sharp after her, that's all!"

But he accepted the new state of things very well, on the whole; and allowed all trouble and toil about the inn to slip from his own hands into Fritz's with much complaisance. Caspar Ebner, when he heard that Katchen's wedding-day was fixed, discovered that about that period business would call him away from Gossau for some weeks. He did not come to take leave of Katchen in person, but wrote her a kind little note, and sent with it a box which he wished should not be opened until her marriage morning. It contained, he said, a nuptial wreath and veil, and he begged she would accept and wear them for his sake. When, on the morning of her wedding-day, Katchen opened this box, she found in it a pretty gold cross and chain for the neck, and underneath, covered with a white veil, a thick plaited coronet made of glistening yellow hair. There was also a slip of paper with these words written on it: "A golden marriage crown for Katchen." The bride's blue eyes brimmed over with tears as she looked at it.

"My hair!" she exclaimed. "Then it was he who—How good he is! How good every body has been except me! But now I mean to try to be good for Fritz's sake." And she knelt down to say one last prayer by her little bed, with a heart very full of gratitude and humility. Katchen wore the wreath of hair as her bridal head-gear; and though many Gossau people thought a gilt paper tiara covered with ornaments would have been more becoming, yet Fritz then and always declared that no wife had ever worn so beautiful and honorable a marriage crown as his Katchen.

The Golden Lamb, freshly gilt and painted, showed his meek face with a new and pleasant expression on the sign-board. *So* meek and pleasant was his altered aspect that one might almost have said he smiled. The young couple took up their abode at the old inn, and by energy, thrift, and cheerful civility, so extended its trade, that by-and-by Fritz had to relinquish his carriage and team of horses and devote himself to the business of a landlord. Old Kester was very proud and happy when his first grandchild was put into his arms; but the little idol—who was in due time succeeded by sundry brothers and sisters—had no such faithful adorer as Caspar Ebner. He was her godfather, and chose her name. They suggested that the child should be called Katarina after her mother; but he said no, he liked better the name of Margarethe, and so she was called. He often told her the story of her mother's wedding crown; and used to say, looking into the child's clear eyes, and stroking her plump fresh cheeks:

"Ay, my little maid, you've a sweet face and a pleasant, but you'll never be so pretty as your mother. No, no, there is but one Katchen, and there never can be another."

And I suppose he was sincere in saying so, for he remained a bachelor to the end of his days. Fritz and his wife lived together in faithful and fond companionship; and, notwithstanding old Josef's predictions, the sacrifice of her beautiful hair was the very last of Katchen's caprices.

A BOY'S DREAM OF SNOW.

I DREAMED last night of the beautiful snow,
  Gently dropping from heaven to earth,
Softly taking its downward flight
  Out of the clouds where its flakes have birth;
Lightly it lay on the frozen ground,
  Slowly and steadily gathering deep,
Till field and hill and each farm-yard round
  Seemed folded fast in a wintry sleep.

Oh! but my heart beat high with joy,
  For I love the snow, the beautiful snow;
Others may talk of the summer time,
  And the summer sun with his golden glow:
But I love the winter far more than all
  The other months with their flowers and leaves,
When the feathery flakes from the cold sky fall,
  And the icicles hang from the sharpened eaves.

I dreamed of a great snow man that stood
  In our lane, close down by the big gate there;
A great snow giant whose towering form
  Was lifted high in the frosty air—
A king of the giants he seemed to me,
  So tall of stature and huge of limb
That the loftiest one of our poplars three
  Was in size a pigmy compared with him.

How he came there, this great snow man,
  I wondered much in my dream last night;
I gazed on him long in mute surprise,
  And marveled much at his towering height;
Then brother Tommy, myself, and Joe,
  With cousin Fred, and our hired man Bill,
Made heaps of balls of the new moist snow,
  And pelted him with a right good will.

Then all at once, when the balls flew thick,
  The snow man changed to a great snow fort,
With a deep wide ditch round the outer walls,
  And a road that led from the sally-port;
Full fifty feet rose the parapet,
  With frowning casemates, ten in a row;
And a bristling palisade was set
  In the yawning depths of the ditch below.

Straightway a council of war we held;
  Oh, here was fun of the wildest sort!
"What's the use of talking?" said Joe and I,
  "Let's lay a siege to this big snow fort."
So at it we went, without further word,
  To throw up our trenches all round about,
And when this was done you ought to have heard
  How the chill air rang with our joyous shout.

Then we opened fire, and the snow-balls flew
  From one to the other in perfect showers,
Oh! a terrible siege it was we laid,
  And it must have lasted, I think, for hours.
Lame Charley Russell, the blacksmith's son,
  Had charge of the fort, for I knew him when
He stood on the parapet alone,
  And shouted his orders aloud to his men.

"Storm the fortress!" at last I cried,
  "Form your line by the foe unseen;
Forward, now!" and away we went
  Over the ground that lay between,
Into the ditch with the palisade,
  And up the walls climbed our gallant band,
Till at length the parapet was made,
  And we met the garrison hand to hand.

Oh! hard was the fight that followed then,
  Twice were our forces driven back,
But all undaunted our sturdy men
  Returned each time to the fierce attack;
Bravely the garrison stood their ground,
  Hard they struggled for what seemed hours,
But at last they broke, and the ringing sound
  Of our wild hurrahs told the fort was ours!

Then it was that I woke from sleep,
  And looked from the window upon the night;
Over the face of the slumbering earth
  The winter snow lay soft and white;
Low in the east hung the clear, cold moon,
  Casting pale shadows across the snow,
Gilding the barn-yard roofs, and soon
  I heard the cock from his warm roost crow.

Oh! but my heart beat high with joy,
  For I love the snow, the beautiful snow;
Others may talk of the summer time,
  And the summer sun with its golden glow
But I love the winter far more than all
  The other months with their flowers and leaves,
When the feathery flakes from the cold clouds fall,
  And the icicles hang from the sharpened eaves.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A SNOW-STORM is not hailed with any great enthusiasm by the majority of the dwellers in New York City. To be sure, even when the "bleak wind whistles," and

"Snow-showers, far and near,
Drift without echo to the whitening ground,"

warm-blooded boys gaze eagerly from the windows upon the falling flakes which so quickly envelop earth in a soft, unsullied mantle. They are anticipating with delight the time when they may show off the new sled that Christmas brought to them—they are thinking of snow-balls, snow-houses, and snow-men. Young Mr. A—— shrugs his shoulders, as from his easy-chair he watches the whirling eddies of snow; but consoles himself with the thought that his sleigh is of the most fashionable style, that his horses are in fine order—and—that Miss B—— is a very pretty girl. But those who have neither sleds nor sleighs remember with dismay that a snow-storm in the city is but the prelude to a "long spell" of muddy sidewalks, impassable crossings, and a wretched condition of the streets generally. Snow stays with us such a brief time that it gives but little satisfaction to those fond of the article.

A genuine, old-fashioned New England snow-storm is something grand. Reader, did you ever happen to get "blocked up" by one of them? Three days and nights the huge flakes fall in solemn silence. Slowly but surely fences are buried—the gathering mass creeps above the window-sills of country cottages—one unbroken sea of white meets the eye every where. Suddenly the storm ceases—Æolus loosens his reins, and the wild winds, whistling from every quarter, fling the snowy mass hither and thither in fantastic heaps. And when at length their fury is spent don't fancy you can go out and take a walk. Oh no! not yet. Your door is barricaded—huge drifts rise mountain high in what was once a road; and it is a laborious process to break through those drifts, and to dig paths which shall afford egress to those buried in their houses. Such storms are fashionable down East about this time. If you have any curiosity about the matter take a trip to Maine sometime in January, and—if the cars are not "blocked up" on the way—your curiosity will be satisfied.

With us the weather has been for the last month as fickle as the fashion of the ladies' bonnets. A "blow" and a "snow" have alternated with a "thaw" and a "snap." Just at this writing Jack Frost is playing all sorts of tricks; but he is a sly imp, and may take himself away without warning. Until then little folks who dare not venture out lest he should nip their noses may watch the workings of his fairy fingers on the window-panes, where, as somebody says, he paints

"Mountains, hills, and little vales,
Little ships with snow-white sails;

Pearly birds, with wide-spread wings,
Pretty airy fairy things;

Landscape queer, and curious sky,
High as is the window high;

Palaces that nothing cost,
Builded by the king, Jack Frost."

It is reported that the new post-office building will be commenced next March. The required ground is to be sold for $500,000. This site is the lower portion of the City Hall Park, extending along Broadway from the extreme southern end of the Park a distance of three hundred and twenty feet, and along Park Row for the same distance.

The iron bridge which is to span Broadway at Fulton Street will soon be completed. It is being made at the Architectural Iron Works in East Fourteenth Street. It is said that every effort will be used to make this bridge safe beyond the possibility of accident—that it will be capable of sustaining a weight of thirty tons, while only about ten tons can be placed upon it.

It is certainly much to be regretted that duties and taxes are so heavy upon paper and other materials for the making of books. An exchange says that a new edition of "Shakspeare" has just been published in London, comprising the poems as well as the plays, with a biography and 96 engravings, making a volume of 1100 pages, in good type, which is sold at the retail price of *one shilling* (English). Such a book could not have been got up in this country and sold for any thing less than *five dollars*, or about fifteen times the price of this English edition. Lovers of literature must earnestly desire that Congress would do something to relieve this pressure on books.

An exchange paper says: "Never let people work for you gratis. Two years ago a man carried a bundle for us, and we have been lending him twenty-five cents a week ever since."

The London *Athenæum*, in a recent review, gives a list of the proper terms to be applied to flocks of various kinds of winged game. And as a sportsman's character depends on the correct use of these terms, it may be well to circulate the information that one ought to say a brood of grouse, a bevy of quails, a covey of partridges, a covert of coots, a dropping of sheldrake, a flight of woodcocks, a gaggle of geese (when they are at rest), a skein of geese (when on the wing), a herd of swans, a nid of pheasants, a spring of teal, a sege of herons, a team of wild ducks, a trip of dotterels, a wing of plovers, and a wisp of snipes.

The French are proverbially a polite people; but we really do think, judging from some of the latest literature of that country, that they are just a *little* behind the times in regard to table manners. In order that there may be no excuse for misbehavior, even in the humblest spheres of society, it is stated that a benevolent French gentleman has recently published a work on good-breeding and on "French politeness," which may be purchased for the small sum of forty centimes, or, in English coin, fourpence. From this valuable work we make a few extracts. Doubtless it will be republished entire in this country, for the benefit of all concerned.

Somebody who evidently got caught in a luxuriously-furnished mansion, but who nearly perished for want of mental food, relieves himself thus: Give us a house furnished with books rather than furniture! Both if you can, but books at any rate! To spend several days in a friend's house and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, and sitting down upon luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a room without windows.

WINGLETS.

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA, *Dec.* 22.

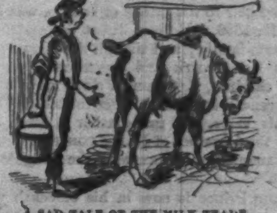
DEAR WEEKLY,—I yesterday attended the meeting of the First Cow Congress, held in this place by the gentlemen in the Milk interests, to see what could be done toward raising the price on their milk (as that is the only thing that can be raised on it), and bringing the citizens of Philadelphia, their chief customers, up to the "chalk."

The meeting was called to order by placing Farmer MANGLEWURTZEL in the chair. On taking the chair, he said that he thought this Congress outrivaled the thirty-ninth Congress at Washington, as the members of this body were of the agricultural community, and were the "cream" of the country, while that Washington crowd was the mere "skimmings." [Cheers.] He continued by saying that he was in favor of raising the price of milk, as no one could doubt the right of every man having his own "whey" with his own property. Gentlemen, I allude to the "curds and whey." [Immense cheering.] I will not detain this body with my remarks, but I will just say that I hope there will be no unnecessary debate indulged in—neither ox-hide gas nor cow-hide, but plain talk, as become men who live by dispensing the pure milk and water of life. [Cheers.]

Mr. SHORTHORN said that when he published the *Agricultural Cock-and-Bull Gazette and Young Farmer's Vade Mecum* he advocated a rise in the price of milk, and for that some of his brother editors had termed him a "bull in milk." Farmer DURHAM here rose, and said he had never heern tell of sich a thing as a bull in milk, and didn't believe it. The Chairman called DURHAM to order, and SHORTHORN continued: "And I was also opposed to any new machinery being attached to a cow, such as the 'Jersey Milkers,' and other machines, intended to take the place of hand-power in coaxing the milk from the cow."

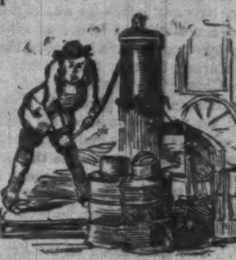
Dr. H. EIFER, of Marcus Hook, said that his cows kicked strongly against a reduction in the price of their milk. Farmer DURHAM again rose, and said "he could cure any cow from kicken." The Chair called DURHAM to order. The Doctor here submitted a very fine specimen of "CONDENSED MILK," which he had used in his practice with great success, and found it a great saving, particularly in dry times. The members examined it, and broke a piece off to take home with them.

Mr. PATRICK O'FLAHERTY, of New York City, who has a dairy near Forty-eighth Street and First Avenue, and who appeared to be the star of the evening, presented



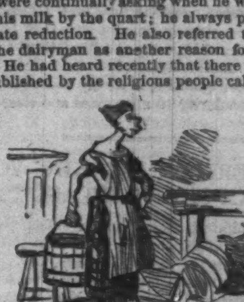
A SAD TALE OF THE MILK TRADE

in that city. He said that people had got to using milk to an alarming extent, and the jolting country milk was subject to in bringing it over the railroads caused many of the cans to have nothing in them but butter, and as fresh butter was an unsalable article in that city the dealers suffered loss. This was discovered when they opened the cans at Jersey City for the purpose of



REDUCING THE MILK.

This "reducing" was an important matter, for his customers were continually asking when he was going to reduce his milk by the quart; he always promised an immediate reduction. He also referred to the hard life of the dairyman as another reason for a raise in prices. He had heard recently that there had been a book published by the religious people called



"THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER,"

but he did not know whether it referred to any particular gal. In New York we labor under great difficulties: nothing but an "Orange County" wagon will do to sell milk in, and the Inspector says he will not license any more "Orange County" milk wagons; that there are enough now to carry not only all the milk, but all the cows in Orange County; consequently, we have to adopt names of other places on the railroads that must be far enough out in the country to raise a cow, and yet not too far for the milk to reach the market that day. His dairy farm was near the East River, and was 25 feet front by 100 feet deep, and his customers lived in Madison, Fifth, and other Avenues, but a few squares from him, yet it was necessary for him to rise by two o'clock in the morning, milk his cows, mix and prepare his milk and cream, fill his cans, and drive his wagons to Jersey City, or to the New Haven or Hudson River Railroad depôts, according to the lettering on them, and return to the city and serve his customers before six o'clock in the morning. The price of arrow-root, molasses, calves'-brains, and other chemicals used in the manufacture, had gone up so that it was a necessity that the price of milk should be raised, and he thought it was only necessary for them to form a "Milker's Union," and "take the bull right by the horns."

Farmer DURHAM here rose and said that "they couldn't git milk by taking a bull by the horns; he had never heern tell of sich a thing."

The Chair called Mr. DURHAM to order.

The Chair here requested Mr. O'FLAHERTY to furnish the meeting with an account of the process for making milk for city consumption, as they found, even in Philadelphia, a growing demand for good milk by the masses; and unless some way was invented, their own pigs would have to be put on a short allowance.

Mr. O'FLAHERTY said that he was not prepared to make a statement now, but that he represented forty cows— Farmer DURHAM rose and said that he "didn't see any likeness to forty cows; he had never heern tell of sich a thing." The Chair called Mr. DURHAM to order. Mr. O'FLAHERTY continued: "And I supply, from them forty, 28 cans of 'Long Island,' 37 of 'Poughkeepsie,' and 60 'Connecticut Valley,' besides from 45 to 50 cans of 'Orange County,' every day, which would take over two hundred Pennsylvania cows to do the same thing with the old-style way of doin'. You may know, though, it keeps us busy; we can't raise pigs, or any thing (except childer), as it takes all our time to haul large barrels of pasture to feed 'em and to manufacture our milk for the market, as our Avenue customers are mighty particular regarding the color of their milk—it must look rich."

The Chairman here proposed that a committee be appointed to visit New York and see Mr. O'FLAHERTY's dairy, and others conducted on the same economical principles, with a view of improving their own. Farmer DURHAM wanted the Chair to send him to New York, as he had never been there, and he wanted to see how the crops looked. The Chair called Mr. DURHAM to order.

After effecting a permanent organization, Mr. SHORTHORN moved that the title of the Association be the "Pennsylvania Chamber of Milk."

Farmer DURHAM here rose and said that "was orful; he had never heern tell of sich a thing!" [Cries of Order! order!] The motion was carried, and the name adopted, notwithstanding Mr. DURHAM's protest that he had "never heern tell of sich a thing."

After settling on a committee to visit New York at the expense of the organization, the Congress adjourned.

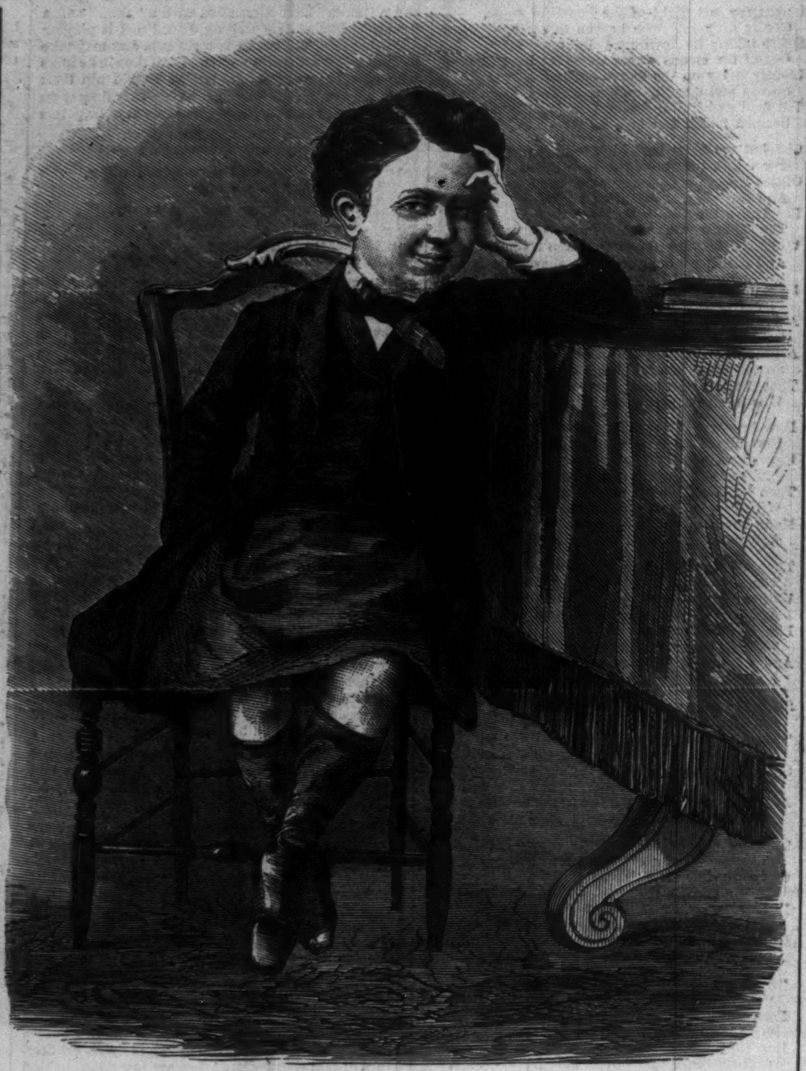
I have staid in Philadelphia, dear *Weekly*, over night, and the composition the boarding-houses put in your coffee is something like the composition many of the newspaper reporters put in their papers—milk and water; nothing at all like the article from your own

C. O. W.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.

NAPOLEON EUGENE LOUIS JEAN JOSEPH, Prince Imperial and heir to the throne of France, was born on March 15, 1856. He is a direct descendant of the Bonaparte family; and though the marriage of **NAPOLEON BONAPARTE** and **JOSEPHINE** was unblessed by children, the young Prince may be said to have descended from them, since the blood of both flows in his veins, his grandfather having been **LOUIS**, the third brother of **NAPOLEON THE GREAT**, and his grandmother, **HORTENSE**, the daughter of **JOSEPHINE**.

The young Prince is now in his eleventh year, and about entering upon the graver and more solid course of his education, to the supervision of which his father, the Emperor, has devoted himself with most exemplary care and remarkable patience. His military education was begun when the Prince was a mere child in arms. He was placed on the muster-roll of the Imperial Guards before he could crawl; learned the manual of arms and the exercise of the bayonet before he was eight years old; was a non-commissioned officer at nine; and is passing, step by step, from the lowest to the highest grade of the army, in order that he may say, as Commander-in-Chief, "I rose from the ranks." Care has also been taken to give him a practical education, and he will commence his collegiate course master of the principles and proficient in the practice of three handicrafts. Besides the ordinary rudiments taught in every common-school in this country, the young Prince has been taught three trades, one of which, and in which he became quite proficient, was that of type-setter in the Imperial office at Paris. The good looks of the Prince are vouched for by the portrait which we give. It is said that his mind is as bright as his eyes, and his temper as pleasant as his countenance. The reports of his intelligence, good-nature, and affectionate disposition have already greatly endeared him to the Bonapartists of France; and his father, by the publication of numerous anecdotes and facts illustrating his better qualities, is wisely endeavoring to extend that popularity to all parties and classes of France.



THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.

THE LIVERPOOL AND NEW YORK STEAM-SHIP "CHICAGO."

THIS magnificent steamer is a sister ship to the *Manhattan*, belongs to the same line, and sails from this port on the 9th of January, 1867. She is one of seven steam-ships intended to form a weekly line between Liverpool and New York. She has been built by the **PALMER COMPANY**, of Newcastle, for Messrs. **GUION & CO.**, of Liverpool. Her extreme length is 343 feet; breadth, 42½ feet; depth, 28 feet; and register, 2866 tons. She is fitted for the accommodation of 72 first-class and 800 second-class passengers; and can, in addition to 1000 tons of coal, carry 1500 tons of cargo. Her engines combine all the recent improvements for saving fuel, with the attainment of the highest power. The cylinders are 60 inches in diameter, and of 42-inch stroke. Warned by some recent disasters at sea, special attention has been given to the construction of the hatchways. The engine-room is protected by an iron house. The furniture, fittings, and decorations of the cabins are in excellent taste; and the steerage-berths, being all on the main-deck, are thoroughly ventilated and comfortable. She sailed from Liverpool on the 18th of December on her first Atlantic voyage; and will be followed by the *Cincinnati*, *St. Louis*, and others of precisely the same character.

The managers of the line in this city are Messrs. **WILLIAMS & GUION**, who have for years been largely engaged in the New York and Liverpool trade, and who occupy a prominent position as merchants of the highest standard of integrity and ability.

NEW YORK CITY FOUNDLINGS.

WE give in the two engravings on page 20 representations of two scenes in the life of a New York city foundling; one, representing the discovery of an abandoned infant on the door-step of a respectable residence; the other, the care of such unfortunates at the Alms-house on Blackwell's Island.

From one to seven foundlings in this city come daily under the notice of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction, and are sent by them to the Alms-house. Here two wards are set apart for the nursing of these infants; and at one time there may be seen in these wards from thirty to forty of them. In the first ward are received those of from one day to four months old. During the last year only one of those thus received has lived; the rest have died, not from want of care but of proper nursing—such as no art can supply—and in many cases from the exposure to which they have been subjected.

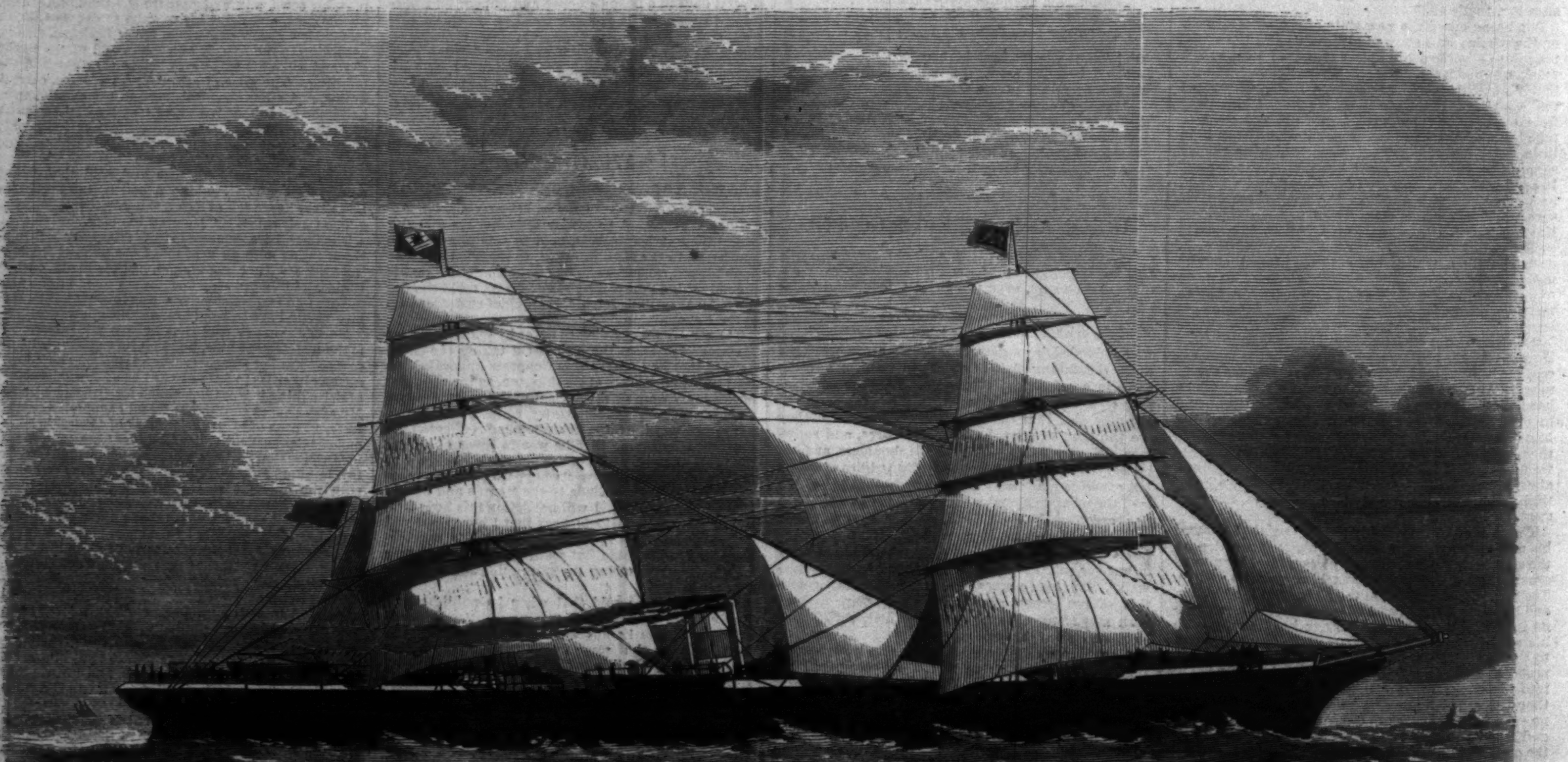
In the second ward the infants are received from four months to two years of age. They generally survive if they enter the institution after six months old. When they are two years old, and remain unclaimed, they are sent to Randall's Island. On said island there are now nine hundred and fifty children, boys and girls. They range as high as sixteen years of age. All children before being received into the nursery on Randall's Island are subjected to a quarantine of two weeks. While in quarantine they are washed in the most careful manner, clothed comfortably, and examined to see if they have diseases of any kind. The unhealthy ones, when not seriously affected, are treated by the doctors in the quarantine, and when seriously affected are sent to a children's hospital. The healthy ones according to their age—here it must be said that the children on Randall's Island are not by any means all foundlings, but get there from a variety of causes—are classified and sent to different parts of the institution. In the first division (the boys and girls being separate) are those from two to five years old. Class No. 2 takes in those from five to eight years old, and class No. 3 those from eight to sixteen years old.

These foundlings do not appear to be at all deficient in intellect, and in most respects would compare advantageously with children of the same social grade as that to which they belong.

HOLIDAY MUMMERIES.

As a general description to accompany our engraving on page 25 we copy from a daily paper the following account of the "Fantastical" spectacles, as they appeared in the streets of New York on last Christmas-day:

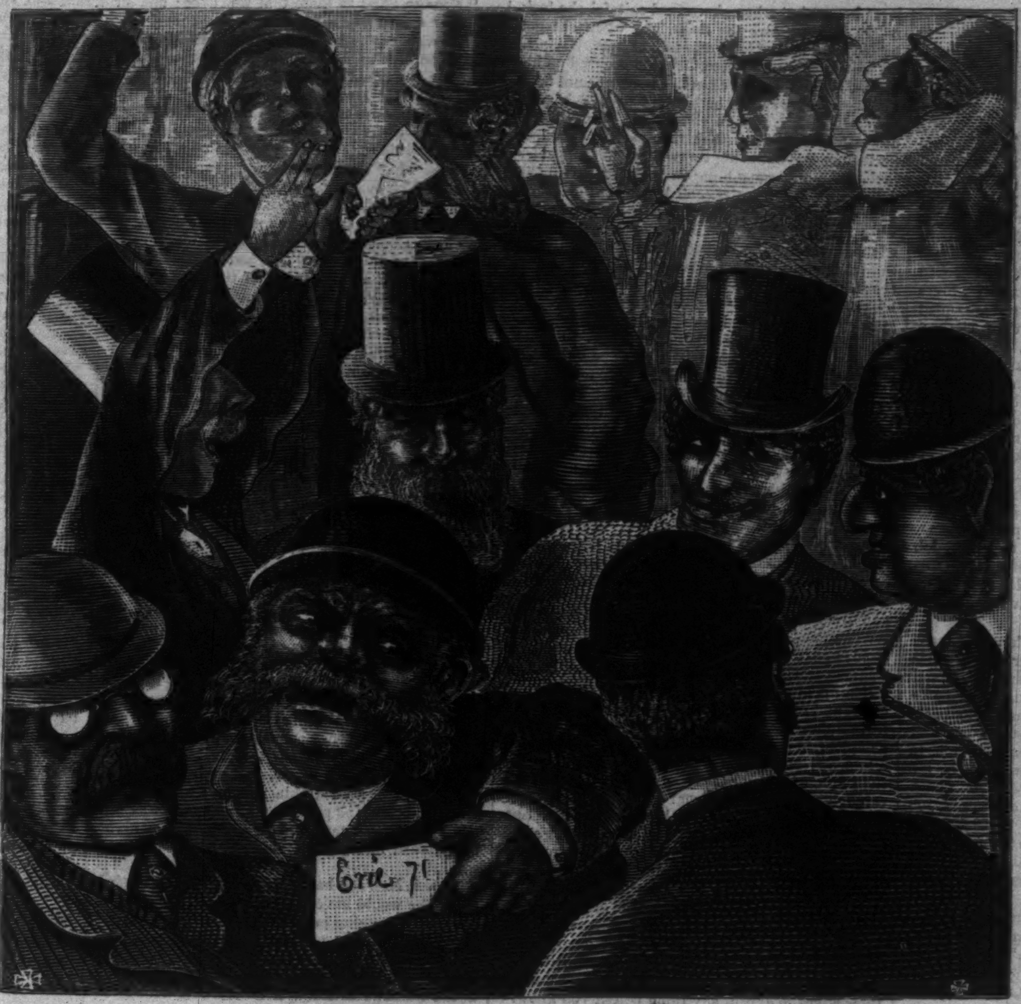
Foremost among the demonstrative enjoyments of the day—the high coloring, as it were, to the already gorgeous picture—were the parades of the masquerading mummers, who, in many troops, rigged out in every style of *outré* dress, and attempting every manner of diverse characterization, played their merry tricks in our principal thoroughfares on Christmas morning, to the intense delight of gaping crowds of pleasure-seekers. The number of these companies of "Fantasticals" was unusually great, and their show was more ludicrously comical than ever before, being, in fact, only excelled in effectiveness by the merry open-air masquerading of the famed carnival season in Venice. Our fantastically arrayed paraders, however, could not have caught the happy spirit of the time more completely than they did. There was a peculiar sprightliness in their buffoonery, wit in their mottoes, and general aptness in their antics that made them worthy embodiments of the grotesque fancies that float about in the charmed air of our Merry Christmas. Added to the kaleidoscopic tangle of gaudily-arrayed humanity that adorned every street, they made complete our holiday expressions of joy—made up, in fact, the comic element in the brilliant spectacle of real life. Here were troops of jolly jokers, attired in every fanciful costume that the spirit of burlesque could devise. Every old theatrical wardrobe and costume establishment in the city had evidently been ransacked by this ludicrous mock-martial array to furnish tinsel and regal ornaments for their holiday show. Geometrically demonstrative steeds had been hauled from their stables, and, despite their rheumatic gait and the general re-



THE LIVERPOOL AND NEW YORK STEAM PACKET-SHIP "CHICAGO."

proach of "crow bait," were made to drag their slow course along in the stately procession, with necks arched as if they felt that they were really theatrical horses, although broken down and playing their part in the sham of some mimic scene on the boards. One company of these jolly maskers was peculiarly comic in its characters, and aroused roars of laughter among the spectators along its entire route. Bringing up the rear of a mongrel train of comical elements was a target, bearing on one side the name, "Black Crook Guard."

The *dramatis personæ* of the troop fulfilled the promise of the title of the show, as displayed on the target, although nothing immodest was displayed to the public gaze. Here were dancing girls with thick ankles, bunion-toed, and professionally awkward, marching arm in arm with cowled priests, and followed by Hamlet in greasy sables, carrying on a dialogue with a colored gentleman of Jim Crow peculiarities, while Ophelia and a Dutchman of great ponderosity danced along *vis a vis* with a Milesian couple. Many a tattered warrior, perched on the apex of his architectural Rosinante, curveted and pranced by on his painful way, and, amidst the fluttering of ragged pennons and the jeers of the good-humored crowd, the emblematic procession made its stately way, complete as a burlesque on the features of our everyday life.—But martial hosts, similar in beauties and equally diverse in characterization, crowded the streets throughout the morning, presenting gratis a holiday show of tin armored knights, tattered heroes, slippery harlequins, lively clowns, and all the paraphernalia of the Christmas pantomime—the state of the legitimate drama being accurately presented in an array of long men with thin legs and very short doublets, and short men with stout understandings, clad in long robes and emblazoned with stage jewels of prodigious size pinned on breast and sides, and fairly covering the pompous actor with their resplendent proportions until he was lost to sight in the blaze of his own wardrobe. These shows were the very soul of the early morning festivities; and in their gay pranks the clowns and jokers of every species engaged happily hit on the foibles of their vast audience, and chiming accurately with the lively spirit prevailing on all sides, found their reward in the loud guffaws that hailed their appearance at every point on the route to their shooting ground. In such good-humored sport the day was begun, and throughout its spirit was maintained in genuine carnival fashion—enjoyment being suffered to run fantastically wild until the spectacle was presented of every age reduced again to happy childhood, and deeply absorbed in the enjoyment of pomp of puppets and the pranks of joyous boyhood.



A GROUP ON THE STAIRWAY OF THE "LONG ROOM," AT THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

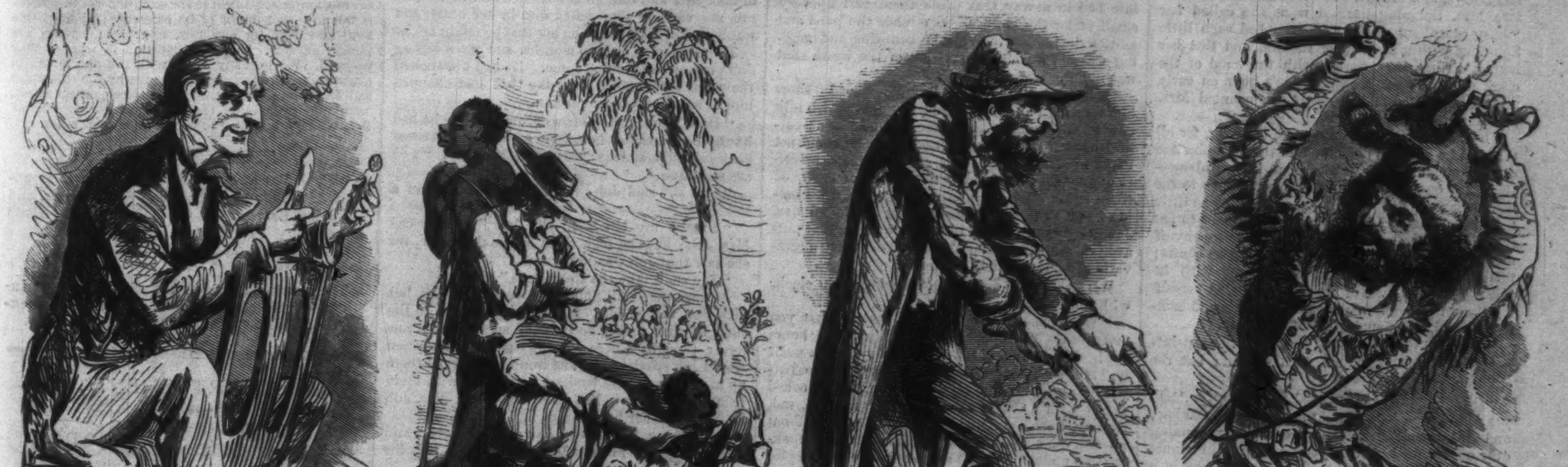
THE VICKSBURG MONUMENT.

THE Monument originally erected to mark the site of the interview between Generals GRANT and PEMBERTON, preliminary to the surrender of Vicksburg, has been displaced by another, of which we give an illustration on page 21, from a photograph taken by J. E. JOSLYN, Esq., of Vicksburg.

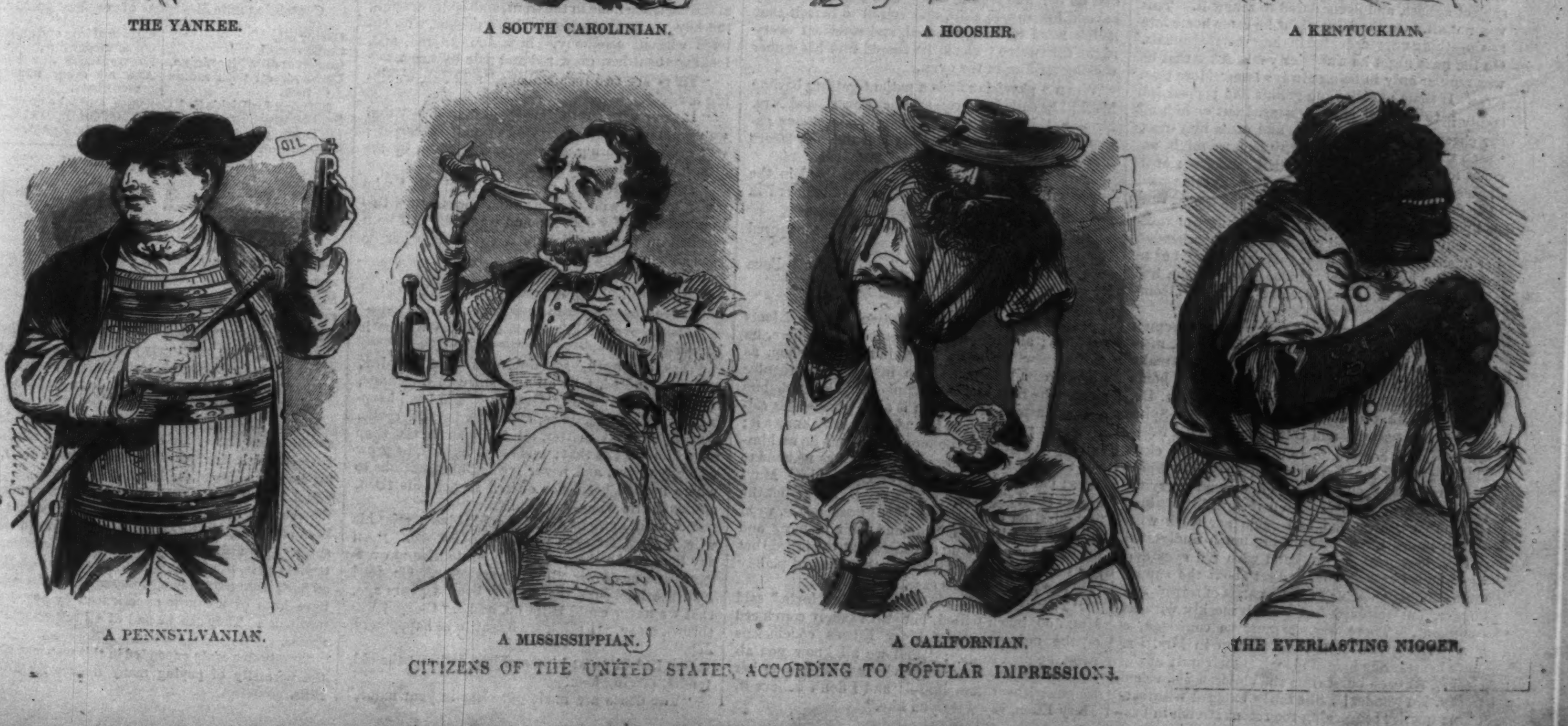
Some time after the occupation of Vicksburg by the Federal troops, a shaft of marble, some ten feet in height, bearing an appropriate inscription, was erected on this site. Since its erection it has been defaced and mutilated, the chips and splinters being carried away by those who desired to possess a memento of the memorable event which it was designed to commemorate. Captain J. W. SCULLY, Assistant Quarter-Master United States Army, and Dépôt Quarter-Master at Vicksburg, has lately removed the now unsightly monument, and substituted in its place a 64-pounder, the muzzle pointing upward.

AT THE "LONG ROOM."

THE "Long Room"—on the stairway of which is located the group sketched on this page—is situated on the ground-floor of the New York Stock Exchange. It is used by the members of the regular Board of Brokers and subscribers as a place of meeting for the purchase and sale of stocks. The stairway at the upper end of the room, between the hours of twelve and half-past one, is crowded with eager and vociferous dealers, who yell themselves hoarse in their efforts to secure a difference of even a fraction of 1 per cent. On "panic" or "booming" days the excitement is proportionately increased. In the "Long Room" all meet on a footing of perfect equality. We see there the snob, the bully, the gambler, the beggar, the Jew, the millionaire, the swell, and the gentleman, all engaged in the worship of a common idol—the Almighty Dollar.



THE YANKEE. A SOUTH CAROLINIAN. A HOOSIER. A KENTUCKIAN.



A PENNSYLVANIAN. A MISSISSIPPIAN. A CALIFORNIAN. THE EVERLASTING NIGGER.

CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES, ACCORDING TO POPULAR IMPRESSIONS.

JOB SPINNING.

MRS. JOB SPINNING was a round, rosy, compact, hard-working little woman. Job Spinning was a meagre, pale-faced, hard-working little man. Mrs. Job was fretty, but quite good enough for this world. Job was too good for it. By heroic labor, that laid out elsewhere would have made him a general, he earned a salary so small that I won't disgrace these columns by telling it; and Mrs. Job, who was a financial genius, stretched it, and met the ends over the year; and there were three little Spinnings of that abhorred class of infants who are perpetually taking every possible disease, or being brought home with the breath and teeth knocked out of them, or failing in these, fall back on hives and sore ears; and Mrs. Job doctored and precepted these three little Spinnings, made their clothes, made her own clothes, made Job's, made every thing in fact, but flour, meat, coal, and groceries, for which she hadn't the recipe, all in the shortest conceivable time, running the household machine with prodigious dash, energy, and friction.

The consequence was, a pain in Mrs. Job's back every night, and a twist in Mrs. Job's temper.

Then, as Mrs. Job was a heroic woman, she suffered in silence, making the tea as if she were dying, and laying the cloth as with her last gasp, harrowing Job's tender soul by the piteous spectacle.

There was also a family tradition that Mrs. Job was in feeble health, and only prevented from commencing a mysterious process called "running down," and sinking into an early grave by unwinking watchfulness on Job's part.

Now Job came home from his work a tired man; a sorely tired man, turning the corner with a feeble step, and lingering heavily in his own door; but between the tradition and the piteous spectacle he found no chance to bring this tired man in and rest him, but hung him up with his coat on the hall peg, and came in a fresh, cheery, sparkling Job, to take the baby, put the children to bed, and oil the wheels generally. By nine o'clock Mrs. Job's back and temper were apt to be comfortable, and Job was dead tired.

So, though Mr. and Mrs. Spinning were a most harmonious couple, Job would probably have fared better if he could possibly have been two Jobs in one.

One morning Job said, as he put on his hat: "My dear, I see that you are running down again. I shall be home early this afternoon."

This was a formula, and signified a Spinning spree; a familiar institution hugely relished in the Spinning family, consisting of a trip across the ferry—a finer thing, properly done, than you may imagine—and a lunch of buttered crackers; therefore Mrs. Spinning hurried what she called her "busy cares" out of the way, scrubbed each little Spinning within an inch of its life, and tied her bonnet strings in a flutter, with the hand of the clock at three; for that was Job's hour on early afternoons, and Job had never disappointed Mrs. Job since their wedding-day.

There is a first time appointed, however, for all that can be said and done, and on this occasion Job did disappoint his wife. The hours dragged along—there are one hundred and twenty minutes to the hour when you are watching the clock. The little Spinnings subsided from uproarious ferment to flat sulkiness, quarreled viciously, did things worthy of spanking, got it, and were ranged sniffing on chairs; finally, Mrs. Job took off her bonnet, and, with the fine unreasonableness of her sex, concluded herself an ill-used woman. Job came home late and looking gloomy, and found Mrs. Job pathetic.

"I should not have cared for my own disappointment," she said. "I am used to that; but the children, poor—"

"Disappointment!" repeated Job, absently. "Oh yes!" and subsided again into his gloomy thinking, and that was all the explanation that Mr. Spinning ever offered for keeping his wife waiting in bonnet and shawl two hours by the clock. He was in a frightful humor, and answered Mrs. Job, who had been teasing him lately to insure his life, so like an ogre—or, not to be poetical, like other women's husbands when out of temper, that she dropped the subject aghast, and never dared to renew it. This was not all. On the next night he came home late again—thing unprecedented in their married annals. On the next night he was later yet! After that he was regular only in being always late. More than this. If some meddlesome genius had popped Job bodily into a moral press, squeezed out of him all the cheeriness and frankness, and made him over, a secret, silent, moody man, why then we might account for Job, as he was from that fatal day; or if Job's soul had stepped out in his sleep, as some good folks declare is done in dreams, and the wrong soul had popped in between his lips in the hurry of waking, why then Mrs. Job could have comprehended her husband as he was from that fatal day; but to go out the kind, patient, tender Job that she had always known him, and to come back the incomprehensible Job!

Mrs. Job was a woman of energy, also a woman of some sentiment. When husbands change, morally, for the worse, she knew that good wives make themselves physicians to the case, and, in home reading at least, always effect a cure. Mrs. Dr. Job resolved that she would try to touch Mr. Spinning's better nature; and this is how she did it.

Job coming home, late as usual, found the cloth laid, the steak on the gridiron, the little Spinnings trying to keep their eyes open, and worrying about the room, and Mrs. Job resignedly sewing. On Job's entrance she laid aside her work with a gulp indicative of swallowing much undigested sorrow, looked at her husband with red eyes and nose and a watery smile, and set about the supper as one doubly enfeebled by the pangs of sorrow and hunger, but resolved to bear all meekly without complaint. There was, it must be confessed, a strong rising of the natural woman in Mrs. Dr. Job's heart. She longed to look significantly at the clock. At each burst from the children she ached to say, No wonder! She fairly bubbled with sarcastic queries concerning the recent stretch in business-hours; but when she waxed spiteful she took refuge in peppering the steak, and when she got herself in hand she looked mildly at Job. He sat, his hands lax on his knees, his head dropped on his breast, his eyes on the carpet. If he was not dead tired—and why should he be dead tired?—he was viciously sullen; and in either case Mrs. Job felt a wrathful doubt whether this play of principle *vs.* feeling was not being thrown away. The elder little Spinnings squabbling in a corner teased the baby into a howl. Mrs. Job looked at Job. Job looked at the baby; but in a purposeless, flaccid way, and did not stir. Mrs. Job's heart swelled; but, taking the baby on her arm, she dished the steak and brewed the tea. When Job cut up the steak, "Thank you, no," she said, with a heart-broken expression. "I was hungry, but it has gone over;" and wiped her eyes, laboriously shifting the baby from one arm to the other. I don't say that the baby would not have done very well on the floor, his usual perch. I am only telling you how Mrs. Job set about appealing to her husband's better nature. In fact, rousing from his haggard stupor, Job did ask, with something of the old interest, "Was any thing the matter?" Mrs. Job set her lips. It would take a week to tell in order all that she thought was the matter; and then with a second edition of the watery smile, "No, nothing," says the little woman, sighing, and with the look of one who is telling a noble fib. Job rose abruptly and went into the adjoining bedroom.

"He is touched," thought Mrs. Job; and, much affected by her own sweetness and meekness, began to cry softly over the baby. Job had not closed the door, and she could hear him stirring about the room, and wondered, through her tears, when he was coming out, and what he was doing there. She called up, also, her sufferings, past, present, and to come, and from crying easily fell to sobbing. The little Spinnings, much alarmed, hung about her in a deplorable way, and began to cry also. Here was a tableau! here was a sight to touch harder hearts than Job, who could easily see, if he chose to peep through the half-open door! Perhaps it did, for Mrs. Job thought that she heard a groan. She hushed her sobs, and listened anxiously. It came again, louder, longer; but do people groan thus—ka-a-a—through their nose? A groan! A snore, Mrs. Job! Job was asleep. He had gone to bed, leaving Mrs. Job to wash the dishes, get the children in bed, and wipe her own tears. Not a doubt but several thousands of other husbands at just that hour had done precisely the same thing; but the majority of these husbands had not taught their wives to expect any thing better, you know.

Mrs. Job came out of her suffering condition with fire and rapidity. She popped the little Spinnings into bed in a way that made them curl up very small under the clothes. She made the pans and kettles ring again; and all this bouncing and banging was but a feeble expression of the wrath that was in her.

"The brute!" she said to herself; 'but I'll show him whether I am to be trampled or not!" No talk now of appealing to his better feelings. The natural woman was in such a rage that she could not listen to Mrs. Dr. Job, unless that eminent practitioner should suggest some of the sterner modes of treatment. Keep his supper for him indeed! Coming home on the following evening Job found Mrs. Job grimly sewing, and the room wearing that put-away-for-the-night appearance so peculiarly aggravating to hungry and tired folk.

"Isn't it late?" asked Job, glancing at the clock, with some dismay.

"We have had our supper, if that is what you mean," says Mrs. Job, suddenly facing him, "hours ago! But there is bread in the pantry, if you want it;" still with her eyes on him, and bristling for battle. But Job did not take up the gage, but looked at her with a tender, sorrowful, pitying gaze, and, sighing, went and found his crust and ate it without a word. No doubt this was a famous way of making Job understand that she was not to be trampled on; but the little woman had never been more uncomfortable in her life, and she sat up and cried after Job went to bed, recalling his still, solemn, suffering face, and the strange, pitying look he had cast on her, and feeling dimly that here was a case beyond her simple skill, and vowed to herself that if Job lived to be a hundred, and staid out every night till twelve o'clock, he should find his dinner waiting for him in the oven.

When a physician finds a patient getting beyond his skill he calls in a brother practitioner; and Mrs. Dr Job, thinking the moral symptoms of her patient more and more puzzling, laid the case before Mary Ellen.

Mary Ellen was Mrs. Job's sister, lived in the lower half of the house, and never had believed in Job Spinning.

"There is a woman in the case," pronounced Mary Ellen, portentously.

Mrs. Job fired. "Mary Ellen, I don't believe it! Job Spinning isn't that man!'

Mary Ellen smiled superior.

"Men are men, and not women, Jane, and facts are facts; and if Job don't spend his time here, he does somewhere else; for 'tain't at the shop, as George can tell you. He leaves there regular among the first, and if he brings you eleven dollars a week instead of fourteen it ain't because his salary is not raised, for it is, and every body knows it; and if you don't get the money, it don't go on himself, for, as I told George, Job never was no hand to dress; but now he's going downright shabby. May-be Job is all right, and I don't say he ain't; but the first question I always ask about husbands is, what do they do with their time and their money? and then I judge according:" rolling out the bread that she was moulding with an air that showed plainly how she judged in this case.

"There's different ways of putting facts," said Mrs. Job, much wilted, but still vaguely convinced of the monstrosity of Mary Ellen's conclusions when applied to Job; "and we all know you always were jealous about Job"—that slipped off her tongue without intending—"and I don't believe it, Mary Ellen, say what you like."

"None so blind as them that won't see; and for jealous," cried Mary Ellen, very red, "I must first see something to be jealous of—not to say that you needn't be mad at *me*, Jane, as I ain't the woman he's after any how."

"I call that low," observed Mrs. Job, hastily picking up her work-basket and retiring with much dignity. Not for worlds would she have cried before Mary Ellen; but sitting by her own fire she could do what she pleased—and then, her hysterical passion over, she still sat, watching the fire gleam on the wall; and in the silence, broken only by the falling of a coal, or the measured ticking of the clock, came back to her a bright morning in their wedded lives when Job had brought home that very clock and set it up on the shelf, telling her it would say, as long as it could tick, faithful forever; faithful forever! and Mrs. Job said to herself that the clock had ticked out many an hour that found her fretful, but never one that did not find him patient; and minutes enough in which she had been selfish, but never one where he was not self-denying; and what was the use of his faithfulness—"

Mrs. Job started and gave a little scream—Job, coming in softly, had touched her on the shoulder before she was aware—and starting up faced him, hesitating and flushed.

"What, crying?" asked Job, in a troubled way.

"No, not crying," returned Mrs. Job, glowing between her recollections and Mary Ellen's spur and a new resolve; "or, if I was, it was for myself, not because of you, Job; for I believe you are right, Job, though it all seems so strange, because it is you; and I love you, Job, and I am going to trust you till you speak out of yourself and tell me what it is between us!" crying heartily as she talked, and with her arms about his neck.

"Between us! over us!" muttered Job; and then a sudden and awful paleness fell upon him—you could not say he turned pale, he was so pale already. And with the pitying, tender, woeful look that she had seen on his face before, "Poor little woman! poor Jane!" he said, stroking her hair that was still soft and bright; "poor dear!" and that was all. His manner was very tender, and from that night he softened into many of his old ways; but that was all.

Now if Mrs. Job had ever really looked at Job I think she would have seen an end of the clew to her puzzle hanging out; but it would be a ridiculous fact, if it were not such a mournful one, that the most of us see, not what is to be seen, but what we expect to see, and little more. Mrs. Job looked at her husband to know if he knew how anxiety and sorrow wore on her. She hunted for his secret in what he did. She never thought to look for it in his eyes; and though she trusted him in a measure, she vaguely reproached him in her heart, and was half glad that it wore on her that he might see it.

The days went on into months, and one morning Job proposed a Spinning spree. He had not spoken the word before since that day that had changed him in such mysterious fashion.

"Dear heart!" cried his wife, amazed, for he had hardly been away an hour from home, and had come back suddenly, and his eyes looked strangely. "You are sick, Job!"

"Not it," said Job; "I have a holiday—on a sudden."

"I have my hands in the flour," commenced Mrs. Job; but she took them out as she spoke, for she saw that Job was in earnest.

"We shall take the steam-cars," said Job.

At once the small Spinnings were clamorous, but Mrs. Job was silent. Her heart beat fast to the thought that to-day Job would speak out. She never thought where she was going, only when would Job speak out. The iron horse picked them up at one dépôt, and trudged sturdily off with them to another—a raw little station, where Mrs. Job looked about her bewildered.

"I have a friend who has a house here," said Job, giving her his arm; and she noticed that his breath came short and his steps were uneven.

"He is going to speak, I know," she said to herself.

The friend's house was the least little house that any one ever played at making, with a strip of yard at the back and none in the front, and, oddly enough, the key of the front-door in Job's pocket, who entered without ceremony. Mrs. Job entered, and, looking about her, grew red and pale by turns.

"There are two rooms above," said Job, watching her

"It's our very house," burst out Mrs. Job, "that we've planned a hundred times; and the carpet I was always coveting. Job," catching him by the arm, "whose house is this?"

"It belongs to a bad man,' answered Job, "who never told his wife that his salary was raised two hundred and fifty dollars; and when she had been pinched on fourteen dollars a week made her do with eleven instead."

"Job!" cried his wife.

"Being so bad," continued Job, "he takes to bad habits too, and never came home till nine, and ten—"

"Doing overwork," bursts in Mrs. Job, who is beaming.

"Yes, overwork," said Job, who is not beaming, and who, indeed, tells all this story in a strange, hurried, far-off way. "Overwork, and book-keeping for Flynn sometimes, and work here by spells, though, for that matter, all the men in the shop gave him a lift at that; and being in luck, he grew worse, you see, and never opened his mouth as to where he had been, nor offered to help his tired, anxious little wife—"

"A tired, anxious Job, I should think!" cries his wife, radiant, for even yet she does not see. "All day long in the shop, and from six to nine at overwork, and no dinner till you came home. Oh, Job! And the land—it's the bit you bought years ago, that we never could build on, and we thought was thrown away. I think we ought to be happy here, Job."

She looked up at him, smiling, and met the old, tender, pitying look.

"The deeds are made out clear in your name," said Job, sitting suddenly down. "You will find them in my coat. They can't take it from you, dear."

"*My* name—take it from *me!*" repeated Mrs. Job, utterly bewildered.

"I have had pleasure in every nail I drove and plank I laid," continued Job, "because it will be my work over and around you, and it will keep me in your mind."

Mrs. Job rose quickly, and went over to her husband and looked him searchingly in the face. "Job," she said, terror thickening her breath, as she remembered all his strange behavior—"Job, you aren't going mad!" She would not see; the truth was knocking at her heart even then; but she would not see—she dared not.

"It's come sooner than I thought," said Job, huskily, and with effort. "Two years he said. He gave me two years; only this morning I felt queer and shaky, and, thinks I, I'll make sure."

He waited a moment with eyes closed. His wife waited too—white as Job himself.

"Two years!" repeated Job, rousing again. "That's what he gave me that morning when I stepped in so smart to the office, and says I, 'I'll insure my life, as Jane has been teasing me, and give her that for a surprise with our spree.' And says the doctor, 'Any thing the matter with you, my man?' 'No,' said I; 'sound as a flint.' And the doctor looks queer, and pokes here and pokes there, and says he, 'I'll give you two years to live, my man.' And when I went out into the street the sunshine was all out of it, and when I came home the sweet was out of your voice; and says I, 'What's the good? when I am to be put away soon with the damp and the worm;' and I don't think I ever felt right till you told me you'd trust me, that night. God bless you, Jane! Maybe I was wrong; but I think I'm right. It comes sharp now; but you have a house over your head, and it will be over, and not gnaw, gnaw beforehand, as it did me, till I got grace; a year and a half—and he gave me two years too."

"And you never told me," moaned his wife, kneeling beside him with tears and sobs, as he laid back panting.

"To break your heart twice, dear!" murmured Job.

The children rushed in shouting from the strip of yard, where they had filled their hands with flowers, but stopped short in the door. Their mother was kneeling beside her dead.

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A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which matures and ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the fully-matured and naturally-cured Coffee. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable portion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee. COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per pound by purchasing their Teas of the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner Church Street; No. 640 Broadway, corner Bleecker Street; No. 503 Eighth Avenue, near Thirty-seventh Street; No. 299 Spring Street, between Hudson and Greenwich Streets; No. 205 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, corner Concord Street.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Our friends are getting up Clubs in most towns throughout the country, and for which we feel very grateful. Some of our Clubs send orders weekly, some not so often; while others keep a standing order to be supplied with a given quantity each week, or at stated periods. And in all cases (where a sufficient time has elapsed) clubs have repeated their orders.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

We return thanks to parties who have taken an interest in getting up Clubs; and when any of them come to New York we shall be pleased to have them call upon us and make themselves known.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N.B.—All villages and towns, where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANT, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church, Post-Office Box 5643, New York City.

EVIDENCE AFTER A YEAR'S TRIAL.

TREASURY DEPARTMET, FOURTH AUDITOR'S OFFICE, *December* 1, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

Inclosed herewith I send you our regular list for December. It is now twelve months since we began the use of your Teas and Coffees, and I am pleased in being able to say that the satisfaction derived from the use of said articles by the members of this Club, instead of being confined to individual instances, is universal, and I think I may safely say without exception. Thanking you for the many favors received at your hands, I am, Sirs, very respectfully, your obedient Servant, L. LASS CARPENTER.

WILLIAM PENN WORKS, NEAR SHENANDOAH CITY, SCHUYLKILL CO., PA., *Dec.* 3, 1866.

GENTS: We received our orders of Tea and Coffee all right; and each package put up so nice as to give us but little trouble. They have given great satisfaction both as regards weight and quality; and so cheap that we have saved 56¼ cents per lb., beside getting a better quality; and we are all satisfied that they are as good—both Tea and Coffee—as your advertisement represented them to be.

I remain, yours, THOMAS ROGERS.

XENIA, DALLAS CO., IOWA, *Nov.* 8, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: SIRS,—The order that I sent to your house the fore part of the Summer gave universal satisfaction, and all of the Club have been trying for some time to get me to make up another. The complimentary package which I received was the best Tea I have drank in Iowa. Please fill the following order, and express to me at Boonsborough, Iowa. ZERAH E. COTTRELL.

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.]

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at No. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

Parties looking for ourstore will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos.* 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

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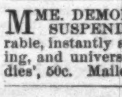

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